

# THE LONDON MAGAZINE:



Or, GENTLEMAN'S Monthly Intelligencer.

For MARCH, 1783.

Memoirs of the Right Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam	107	The History of the present Session of Parliament	132
The Hypochondriack. No. LXVI.	108	—On East-India Affairs	133
—On Diaries	109	—On the Provisionary Articles	135
The Rural Christian	111	REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS	137
Description of Foots-Cray	112	—The Bishop of Llandaff's Letter to his Grace of Canterbury	<i>ibid.</i>
Eastern Anecdotes	<i>ibid.</i>	—Priestley on the Corruptions of Christianity	138
New Thoughts on old Subjects	113	—Coombe Wood	<i>ibid.</i>
The Right of the American Loyalists	114	—Count Algarotti's Letters	<i>ibid.</i>
The Peace defended by Mr. Pitt	116	—A Review of the polite Arts, &c.	<i>ibid.</i>
—A Statement of the Navy	<i>ibid.</i>	—The Two Mentors	139
—Our Finances ascertained	117	—Chalmers on the comparative Trade of Britain	<i>ibid.</i>
—An Estimate of our Loss and Gain by the Peace	118	—Dr. Fergusson's Roman History	140
Strictures on Historical Singularities	119	POETICAL ESSAYS	141
—False Censure	120	A Fragment	<i>ibid.</i>
—A Prostitution of the Epithet <i>Great</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	On a passionate Lady	<i>ibid.</i>
—An Idea of a Conqueror	121	To Eliza	<i>ibid.</i>
Patriotism	<i>ibid.</i>	On the British Empire in America	142
—What Posterity will think of a noble Duke	122	The Determination	<i>ibid.</i>
Hints of Designs for Historical Painting	123	To Miss Matty	<i>ibid.</i>
On Apparitions and Old Wives Fables	<i>ibid.</i>	Spring	143
O'Leary on Toleration	124	Self-Conceit	<i>ibid.</i>
—An Apology for the Pope	125	A Lady's Wish	<i>ibid.</i>
—False Prophets reprobated	127	On the past and present Measures of Government	144
A Letter to the Editor on the Peace	128	An Extempore to a Friend	<i>ibid.</i>
—Wool and Cotton compared	129	THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER	<i>ibid.</i>
Journal of a modern Man of Fashion	130		
—Ditto of a modern fine Lady	131		

With the following Embellishments, viz.

A neatly engraved Head of EARL FITZWILLIAM,

AND

A picturesque View of FOOTS-CRAY PLACE, the Seat of Benjamin Harens, Esq. from an original Drawing.

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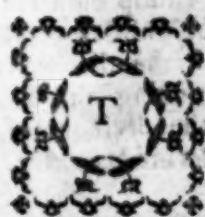


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THE  
LONDON MAGAZINE,  
FOR MARCH, 1783.

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MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM EARL  
FITZWILLIAM.



THE very great estate to which this nobleman succeeds, in consequence of the death of his noble and much-lamented uncle the late Marquis of Rockingham, gives him a title to the publick attention. His family is now among those of the first interest in the kingdom, and he is one of the few whose political principles, connections, and virtues are objects of considerable expectation and sollicitude to all ranks and degrees of people in this country.

His lordship's pedigree is equally ancient and honourable. By a manuscript in the family, above two hundred years old, it appears that the ancestry of the Fitzwilliams were marked with very honourable distinctions, even by William the Conqueror, to whom Sir William Fitzwilliam acted as marshal of his army in 1066, and who, for his bravery at the battle of Hastings, received a scarf from his master's own arm.

We find another of this illustrious line entrusted by Queen Elizabeth with the management of a business in its own nature peculiarly delicate and important, and to her most exquisitely interesting. A Sir William Fitzwilliam was constituted Constable of Fotheringay Castle, during the imprisonment of Mary, Queen of Scots. His courtesy and attention to his royal prisoner did him so much honour, and were so affecting to that elegant but unfortunate princess, that the morning before she was beheaded she presented him with the picture of her son, King James the First. This valuable present is still to be seen in the family.

The family were enobled in the year 1610, by an Irish peerage. William

Fitzwilliam, of Milton and Gains Park-Hall, Esq. being then created Lord Fitzwilliam of Liffar alias Lifford, in the county of Donegall, in the kingdom of Ireland.

William, the third Lord Fitzwilliam, on the accession of George the First, was created Viscount Miltown, in the county of Westmeath, and Earl Fitzwilliam of the county of Tyrone, in Ireland, by letters patent bearing date July 2, 1716.

The father of the present Earl was raised to a peerage of Great-Britain by George the Second, under the name, stile, or title of Lord Fitzwilliam, Baron of Milton in the county of Northampton. His Lordship a few years after was created a Viscount and Earl of Great-Britain, by the titles of Viscount Milton and Earl Fitzwilliam of Northborough, in the county of Northampton.

It was this nobleman who married the Lady Anne Wentworth, eldest daughter of Thomas Marquis of Rockingham, and by her he had issue six daughters and two sons, the eldest of whom is the subject of these memoirs, the *present* and *second* Earl Fitzwilliam of Great-Britain and fourth of Ireland.

His Lordship is indebted for much of his celebrity to his high rank, to an immense fortune, and to a lineage that might well confer respectability on any character or family. But the eminent worth and abilities of the late Marquis of Rockingham have chiefly brought him forward on the theatre of politics. He was long regarded by this distinguished nobleman as the heir of his fortune, and trained up with this view under his peculiar tuition or patronage. His education must consequently have been greatly superior to most of his compeers who had not the

the advantage of such an accomplished and classical guide as the noble Marquis undoubtedly was.

Lord Fitzwilliam has not hitherto had much opportunity of putting either his virtues or his talents for publick business to the trial. His parliamentary conduct has been uniformly directed to the great ends of a constitutional government. The principles which discriminated his uncle's politics continue to discriminate his. And his virtues have been very conspicuously displayed since the loss of that great and good man, by an unwearied endeavour to keep united and cordial all the genuine friends of freedom.

The appearances he made in the House of Lords about the commencement of the present session are pledges

to the publick of his desire to serve them on the most liberal views, and from the most disinterested motives. The questions he then put to the minister were much in point, and discovered great honesty of intention as well as much shrewdness of remark. To him, therefore, and his patriotic friends, the people of this country direct their wishes and hopes with a solicitude equal to the very extraordinary convulsion which at present threatens every part of the empire. May their confidence meet with no disappointment, and may his lordship both for his own honour and the publick good be an instrument under the direction of Providence, of removing the distractions and healing the divisions of this most wretched and devoted country.

## THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. No. LXVI.

*Perutile fuerit ante somnum notare quaecunque luce ea peracta sunt.* FORTIUS.

"It will be of great use to mark down every night, before going to sleep, what you have done during the day."

**T**HE learned *Crenius* has made an excellent collection for the benefit of the studious, under the title of *Consilia & Studiorum Methodi*, by some of the most eminent modern literati, *Erasmus*, *Fortius Vossius*, and others. From the treatise by *Fortius*, I have taken, as a motto to this paper, a precept, which, though meant only as a counsel for improving in literature, may be well applied to the most essential of all studies, the study how to *live* to the best advantage.

The ancient precept "*γινῶσκει σεαυτὸν*—Know thyself," which by some is ascribed to Pythagoras, and by others is so venerated as to be supposed one of the sacred responses of the oracle at Delphos, cannot be so perfectly obeyed without the assistance of a register of one's life. For memory is so frail and variable, and so apt to be disturbed and confused by the perpetual succession of external objects and mental operations, that if our situation be not limited indeed, it is very necessary to have our thoughts and actions preserved in a mode not subject to change, if we would have a *fair* and distinct view of our character.

This consideration joined with "the importance of a man to himself" has

had some effect in all times. For we find that many people have written such registers, to which they have given the name of *Journals* or *Diaries*, from their being a record of each day in the course of life. "The importance of a man to himself," simply considered, is not a subject of ridicule; for, in reality, a man is of more importance to himself than all other things or persons can be. The ridicule is, when self-importance is obtruded upon others to whom the private concerns of an individual are quite insignificant. A diary, therefore, which was much more common in the last age than in this, may be of valuable use to the person who writes it, and yet if brought forth to the publick eye may expose him to contempt, unless in the estimation of the few who think much and minutely, and therefore know well of what little parts the principal extent of human existence is composed.

Lord Bacon says, in one of his essays—"It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land-travel, where so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation.

Let



Let diaries, therefore, be brought in use."

But it is to be considered, whether little being to be seen at sea is not the very reason why a diary is so regularly kept on ship-board. For what is difficult to be done will generally be avoided, from the indolence, or rather aversion to stated labour, which is so prevalent; whereas what is easy and quickly dispatched will be habitually performed, almost without any consciousness of exertion. The changes of the weather, the movements of the ship, the prospects of land, and a few occasional incidents are all that can be expected in a nautical ephemeris; though sometimes the commander of a vessel is a man of more than ordinary curiosity and observation, and keeps a journal of greater variety. There is at the India House a very large collection of the journals which the captains of all the company's ships are obliged to keep of their voyages. Amongst these there are a few of the kind which I have now mentioned, of which I have been obligingly allowed inspection. I remember one in particular which not only mentions every remarkable circumstance of every sort that occurred, but is enriched with drawings which convey clear and distinct ideas of the several objects, whether animal or vegetable.

But it is a work of very great labour and difficulty to keep a journal of life; occupied in various pursuits, mingled with concomitant speculations and reflections, in so much, that I do not think it possible to do it unless one has a peculiar talent for abridging. I have tried it in that way, when it has been my good fortune to live in a multiplicity of instructive and entertaining scenes; and I have thought my notes like portable soup, of which a little bit by being dissolved in water will make a good large dish; for their substance by being expanded in words would fill a volume. Sometimes it has occurred to me that a man should not live more than he can record, as a farmer should not have a larger crop than he can gather in. And I have regretted that there is no invention for getting an immediate and exact transcript of the mind, like that instrument by which a copy of a letter is at once taken off.

Perhaps it may not be for the advantage of every one to keep a diary. Should a man of great force of mind,

impetuous in undertaking, and ardent in activity, examine himself frequently with nice attention, it might weaken and relax his powers, as taking it often to pieces will hurt the machinery of a watch. The important events and larger circumstances may be daily committed to writing. But he must not stop to examine the springs, or point out the detail, though these are what a philosopher would be most desirous know.

It is, no doubt, a very interesting occupation to record one's own life, and supposing it to be skilfully done, so as not to consume too much time, I should think it a practice to be generally recommended. That the practice is ancient, I cannot doubt from what Horace says of Lucilius, in a passage which alway pleased me exceedingly,

*" Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim,  
Credebat libris; neque, si malè cesserat, usquam,  
Decurrens aliò, neque si benè: quo fit ut omnia  
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta labellâ,  
Vita senis.*

Behold him frankly to his book impart,  
As to a friend, the secrets of his heart:  
To write was all his aim, too heedless bard,  
And well or ill, unworthy his regard,  
Hence the old man stands open to your view,  
Though with a careless hand the piece he drew."

FRANCIS.

I give Francis's translation because I have no other at hand, and do not at present find myself able to give a better. But I am not satisfied with it, because it plainly applies to Lucilius only as an author, in which sense, Francis understands the passage, as he has told us in the following note:—

"We are yet to enquire what Horace designs by *neque si benè, neque si malè cesserat*. The commentators understand the words to mean the good or bad condition of his private affairs. But there is no kind of appearance, that Lucilius filled his writings with his personal concerns, or the state of his domestic affairs. An affectation so remarkable would rise at first view, in the numerous fragments that remain of his works. We perceive nothing like it, and may therefore receive another meaning from Dr. Bentley, "*Nusquam aliò, quam ad libros decurrens seu benè si cesserat in scribendo, seu malè*, whatever was his poetical good or ill fortune, he still indulged his passion for writing. From hence we may perceive his good or bad days; his lucky or unlucky moments, which Horace

means

means when he says, Lucilius gave us a picture of his life, his poetical life, in his writings."

I cannot give up the opinion which I have ever held, even to Bentley, a critic whom I sincerely respect, especially when I am supported by the commentators. It is clear to me that by *libris* the poet means *journals* or *diaries*, and that *vita* signifies life in its plain and usual sense, and not its metaphorical sense. I shall, therefore, inscribe upon a chest containing my journal.

*Vitæ potest veluti descripta tabella  
Vita Senis.*

The chief objection against keeping a diary fairly registered, which the state of our minds, and all the little occurrences by which we are intimately affected, is the danger of its falling into the hands of other people, who may make use of it to our prejudice. An Hypochondriack is particularly prone to think of himself. Uneasiness directs his attention inwards. I have kept a diary for considerable portions of my life. And, in order to guard against detection of what I wished to be concealed, I once wrote parts of it in a character of my own invention, by way of a cypher, but having given over the practice for several years, I forgot my alphabet, so that all that is written in it must for ever remain as unintelligible to myself as to others. This was merely a loss. But a much worse circumstance happened. I left a large parcel of diary in Holland to be sent after me to Britain with other papers. It was fairly written out, and contained many things which I should be very sorry to have communicated except to my most intimate friends; the packages having been loosened, some of the other papers were chafed and spoiled with water, but the Diary was missing. I was sadly vexed, and felt as if a part of my vitals had been separated from me, and all the consolation I received from a very good friend, to whom I wrote in the most earnest anxiety to make enquiry if it could be found any where, was, that he could discover no trace of it, though he had made diligent search in all the little houses, so trifling did it appear to him. I comfort myself with supposing that it has been totally destroyed in the carrying. For, indeed it is a strange disagreeable thought, that what may be

properly enough called so much of one's mind should be in the possession of a stranger, or perhaps of an enemy. This should serve as a lesson not to write any thing in a Diary, the discovery of which may do one essential hurt, unless the person who writes it carries his diary continually about with him, and can take as good care of it as Cæsar did of his Commentaries.

If a Diary be honestly and judiciously kept, it will not only be immediately useful to the person who keeps it, but will afford the most authentick materials for writing his life, which, if he is at all eminent, will always be an acceptable addition to literature; and in some instances it will give the most genuine view of many of the events and characters of the time. Diaries have been kept by persons of all ranks and denominations, and I fancy there is not one that will not in some degree interest an inquirer into human nature. I was lately reading the Diary of that illustrious and much injured prelate Archbishop Laud, which the violent and oppressive rage of rebellion dragged forth as part of the evidence against him. It is estimable not only for the fragments which it contains of important history, but for the tender, humane, and pious sentiments which it undeniably proves were the constant current of his mind. Let the following excerpts suffice:

"January 25. It was Sunday. I was alone and languishing with I know not what sadness."—Here I venture to claim connection with him; for this surely was *Hypochondria*.

"October 2. Saturday. In the evening at Mr. Windebank's, my ancient servant, Adam Torless, fell into a swoon, and we had much ado to recover him, but I thank God we did.

"January 30. Sunday night, my dream of my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. One of the most comfortable passages that ever I had in my life.

"July 3. Sunday in my sleep his Majesty King James appeared to me. I saw him only passing by swiftly, pleasant, and serene countenance. In passing he saw me, beckoned to me, smiled, and was immediately withdrawn from my sight."

The superstition which is to be found in his Diary, such as his taking notice of two Robin red-breasts flying into his study, and his picture having fallen down, instead of lessening his character



in my opinion throws a peculiar kind of sanctity around it, which it would be presumptuous to question.

There is a Diary of a very different character, called "A spiritual Diary and Soliloquies, by John Ratty, M. D." published in two volumes, quarto. In the Critical Review for March, 1777, there is an account of this singular curious work, introduced with some observations so good, that in justice both to the writer of them and my readers, I cannot but transcribe them.

There are few writers, who have gained any reputation by recording their own actions. The attempt is attended with peculiar difficulty and danger. If an author speaks of his virtues or his exploits, he runs the hazard of being censured for his vanity and ostentation. If he descends to the trivial circumstances of private life, he makes himself ridiculous by supposing that the world will concern itself with his domestick occurrences. We may reduce the egotists to four classes. In the first we have Julius Cæsar: he relates his own transactions; but he relates them with peculiar grace and dignity; and his narrative is supported by the greatness of his character and achievements. In the second class we have Marcus Antoninus: this writer has given us a series of reflections on his own life; but his sentiments are so noble, his morality so sublime, that his meditations are universally admired. In the third class, we have some others of tolerable credit, who have given importance to their own private history by an intermixture of literary anecdotes, and the occurrences of their own times: the celebrated Huetius has published an entertaining volume upon this plan, "*De Rebus ad eum pertinentibus*!" In the fourth class, we have the journalists, temporal and spiritual, Elias Ashmole,

William Lilly, George Whitfield, John Wesley, and a thousand other old women and fanatics, writers of memoirs and meditations.

Dr. Ratty was an Irish physician of merit, and one of the people called Quakers. His Diary is written with an honest simplicity and conscientious self-examination which are rarely to be found, so that while we cannot but laugh, we must feel a charitable regard for him. I shall insert some specimens:

"Tenth month, 1753—17 and 18; Morose on trifles.

"Second month, 1754, weak and fretful.

"Third month, 15. The pipe en-slaves.

"Twelfth month, 17. An Hypochondriack; obnubilation from wind and indigestion." (I sp. a brocher.)

"Fifth month, 1755—31. O my doggedness.

"Ninth month. An overdose of whisky.

"Sixth month, 1756. Feasted a little piggishly.

"First month, 1757—22. A little swinish at dinner and repast.

"Second month, 14. Snappish on falling. 27. Avaunt, Satan! the Lord is strengthening and promoting my progress."

The fictitious journals in the Spectator and other periodical papers are not more curious than this true and faithful register.

For my own part I have so long accustomed myself to write a Diary, that when I omit it the day seems to be lost, though for the most part I put down nothing but immaterial facts which it can serve no purpose of any value to record. For instance, the Diary of this day will be little more than that "I sat quietly at home, and wrote The Hypochondriack, No. LXVI. on Diaries."

## FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

Take God from nature, nothing great is left.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

AS one of my greatest pleasures in the retirement of a country life, is taking a morning's walk into the neighbouring fields, or on the adjoining heath\*, with a book in my pocket (suited to my solitary disposition) to amuse me in the intervals of devout

admiration and reflection on the charms of rural nature, I constantly find something new to engage my attention and employ my thoughts: objects are daily presented to my view, which afford me fresh matter for study and contemplation—the grass on which I tread, the

tree

\* Hampstead-Heath.

trees on every side, the birds on every spray, and herds and flocks around me, all, *all* proclaim the wisdom and goodness of the great creator, while they silently reproach my scanty knowledge of, my little love for, and small acquaintance with, that gracious God, *in whom alone I live, and move, and have my being.*

The God of nature in his works is seen.

Well might David say, when contemplating the wonders of creation as displayed *above* and *upon* the earth; *the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work\**; or as in another psalm, *great and marvellous are thy works Lord God Almighty, in wisdom hast thou made them all, the earth is full of thy riches†.*—The more we search into the things which

he has made, the more we shall (if rightly disposed) be lost in wonder, love, and praise.

When I take a view of the various objects, both animate and inanimate, which the meadows, fields, and heath abound with; when I reflect on the innumerable beauties which the country affords to every attentive spectator, and look above me, and think how infinitely surpassing all description is the great and omnipotent maker, preserver, and upholder of the universe, and all which it contains, I cannot but venerate his power, celebrate his wisdom, magnify his goodness, and implore his mercy, seeing I merit nothing at his hands but hell, and have forfeited by sin every claim to his favour, love, and grace.

THE RURAL CHRISTIAN.

#### A VIEW S. W. BY S. OF FOOTS-CRAY PLACE, THE SEAT OF BENJAMIN HARENE, ESQ.

**T**HIS beautiful and elegant building is situated nearly in the center of Sidcup and Foots-Cray, and lies about twelve miles from London. The south front of it commands a very pleasing and extensive prospect. The north view is not so open, being intercepted by high grounds and much wood. The plan on the whole is rather whimsical. It stands on the brow of a declivity. One would imagine that the view of the architect had been

to hide his work till the passenger is very near the entrance of it, which appears as if cut through a cluster of trees, and is guarded by a five-bar gate, not sixty yards distant from the seat, where the principal road leads to it, as marked in our view. This seat was built by Boucher Cleeve, Esq.—Sir George Young, in consequence of marrying his niece, got possession of it. He has since, however, disposed of it to Benj. Harene, Esq. its present owner.

#### EASTERN ANECDOTES.

**A** Mahometan consulted Aishech, one of Mahomet's wives asking her advice about the conduct of his life: Aishech answered, "Acknowledge God, command your tongue, refrain your anger, get knowledge, stand firm in your religion, abstain from evil, converse with good people, cover the faults of your neighbours, assist the poor with your alms, and expect eternity for your reward."

A Slave of Amrou Leits ran away, but being pursued, was brought back; and that King's Grand Vizier, who hated the slave, solicited Amrou to put him to death, suggesting to him, it would be an instance to deter others. Hereupon the slave casting himself on the ground before the King, said, "Whatever your Majesty will be pleased to order as to my destiny must be done; for a slave cannot find fault

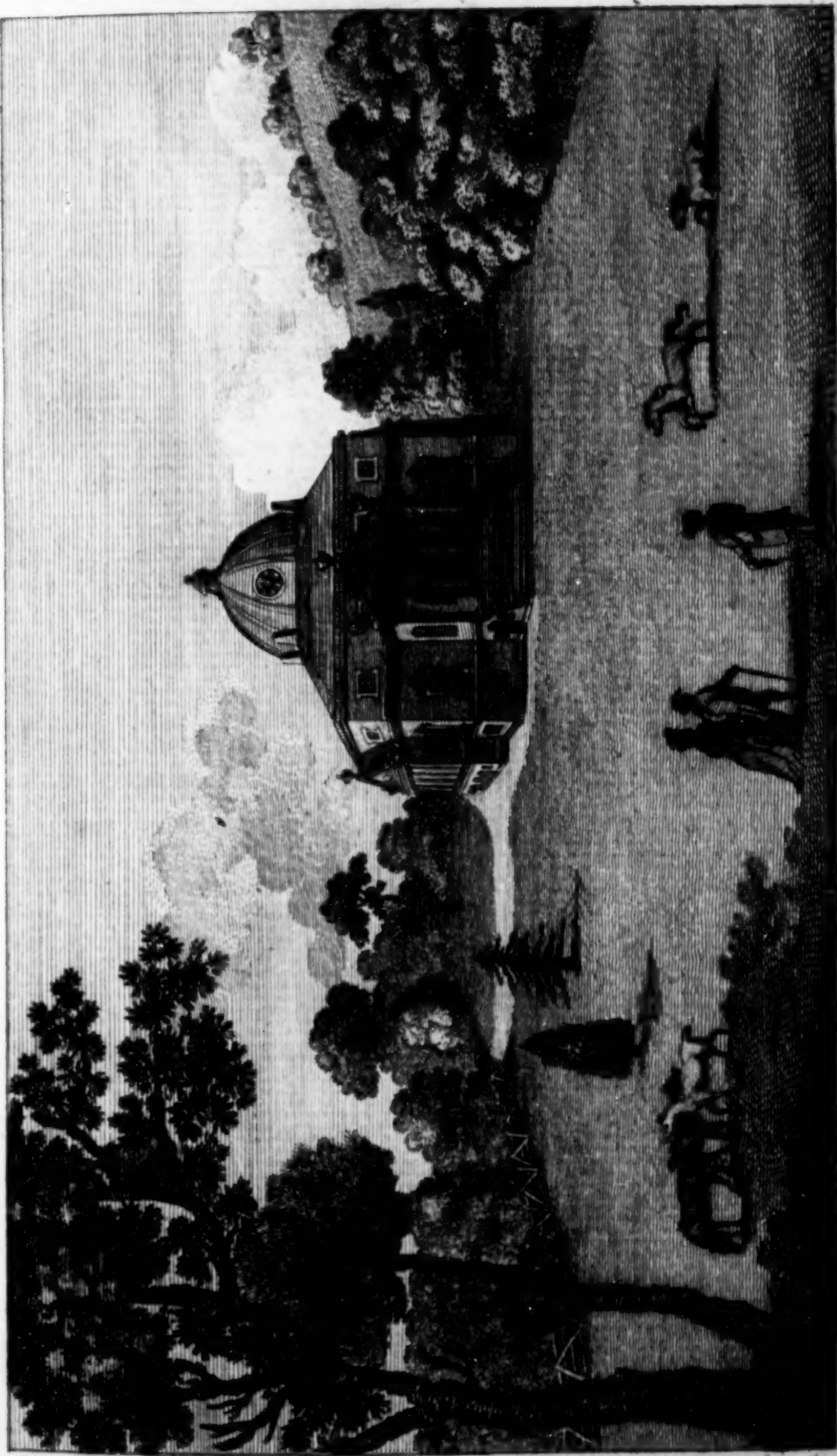
with the judgement of his lord and master; but because I have been brought up in your palace, as a mark of my gratitude, I could wish you might not answer for my blood at the day of judgement; and, therefore, if you desire I should be killed, let it be under pretence of justice."—Amrou asked him what he meant by that pretence? "Suffer me (answered the slave) to kill the Vizier, and then you will be in the right in taking away my life to avenge his death." Amrou laughed at the conceit, and asked the Vizier what he thought of it? The Vizier answered, "I advise your Majesty to forgive the wretch: he might draw some misfortune upon me; I have deserved that answer; not considering, when we design to kill another, we expose ourselves to be killed, as much as him whom we intend to murder."

FOR

\* *Psalms*, xix. 1.

† *Psalms*, civ. 24.





Foots-cray Place, the Seat of Benj<sup>n</sup> Harenc Esq.

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FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.  
NEW THOUGHTS UPON OLD SUBJECTS.

*Much cry and little wool!* THE DEVIL.

**T**HE Greeks boast of seven wise men who did a number of foolish actions: and each of these renowned sages left behind him, as a memorial of his wisdom to future ages, a moral sentence that might have occurred to a fool.

Two philosophers pestered the streets of the Grecian cities. *Pyrrho*, the sceptic (the illustrious father of Unbelievers, even down to David Williams) refused to avoid a cart, because, forsooth! he was certain of nothing! *Diogenes* lived in a tub, fed upon onions, did the offices of nature in public, trampled with his dirty sandals upon another philosopher's embroidered garment, and prided himself on bidding his monarch stand out of his light. Our better police would have sent the one to Bedlam, and the other to Bridewell.

*Cato* the *Censor* worked at the plough. *Rare Industry!* He eat in the kitchen with his slaves. *Rare Humility!* He always mixed vinegar with his water. *Rare Temperance!* And began to learn Greek at fourscore. Here I must laugh outright.

*Cato*, his descendant, was the most renowned of all possible patriots. And doubtless with abundant reason; for of him we read, that he was sent to plunder the treasury of Ptolemy, King of Cyprus: made a great noise in the senate about Liberty!—Liberty!—and after talking very long and very loud of Roman Virtue, he deserted Sicily at the approach of the small army of Curio. Of this great general and greater patriot we further read, that he nobly drew his sword on one who mentioned peace before Pharsalia, and after the battle fled through the deserts to Utica:—there not daring to meet Cæsar, or defend the city, he talked of his honour and killed himself.

How partial is the page of history! *Brutus*, who assassinated his prince, his benefactor, his best, his fondest friend, is also canonized for his patriotism: and yet *Balthazar Gerrard* is execrated as the blackest of traitors for murdering William, at the time that he was

LOND. MAG. March 1783.

entrusting him only with a simple commission. How is this inconsistency to be glossed, or reconciled? By that principle in opinion which makes Alexander a conqueror, and poor Bagshot a robber.

*Lycurgus* attempted to form a body of warriors upon the most successful plan that policy could have devised. He banished every pleasing exercise, every gentle and domestic enjoyment, and thus by rendering life a burden, made death to be considered as a benefit. Such a body, however, was more apt to be a band of desperadoes, than of warriors, to be rather suicides than foldiers.

There are certainly great chasms in the Grecian history; if not, so much the worse for the honour of Spartan courage. *Spartan courage* hath, however, been long memorable: but for what reason? I should be glad to find any adequate to the reputation it hath been so fortunate as to acquire. I can perceive nothing in the Spartan history that is likely to impress the mind with an idea of superiority: or that it should be entitled to the high honour of bearing away the palm from other countries in the merit of fortitude. In their wars with the Messenians the advantage was commonly on the side of the latter. The Athenians won Salamis, and triumphed at Platæa, notwithstanding the Spartans had the chief command. In the siege of Platæa, some years after, they displayed no military talents. The advantages gained by Agesilaus consisted of incursions into a defenceless country. Nay, that celebrated general himself fell beneath the fortune of the all-accomplished Theban. The brave defence of Sparta against Epaminondas and Pyrrhus avail not in this dispute. Let me then ask the impartial reader, on what action, except the mad one of Leonidas, at the Straits of Thermopylæ, the *antient* reputation of the Spartan valour was formed?

*Fabius*, perplexing and teasing the illustrious Hannibal, puts me in mind of a boy on the top of a house pelting with stones a strong man in the street below.

Q

We

We commend his prudence;—but it is as the *Lord commended the unjust steward*.—On the day of thanksgiving for the peace in America, I should be glad to hear a sermon preached by a sly Presbyterian before General Washington and his officers, on these words in the Proverbs—“*The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself*.”—[See Dr. Hartley on the *Association of Ideas*—the foundation of all true Philosophy.]

*Valerius Corvus*, armed *cap-a-pee*, magnanimously slew a Gaul, if not in armour, yet not completely armed: he had, however, a sharer in the triumph; he slew the Gaul with the assistance of a crow! There is scarcely an old soldier in the British army, but has slain two Gauls without the assistance even of a blackbird.

People judge erroneously of the character of Alexander. They admire him for what he *was*, rather than for what he *would have been*. I think they do him great injustice. Though undoubtedly he had a commanding genius, yet the greater part of his early success may be with more propriety attributed to the sagacity and experience of Philip's veteran generals, than to the merit of his own manœuvres. He indeed gained the credit: but they planned the operations. The evolutions also in the heat of action were left wholly to them, as the precipitate courage of Alexander, hurrying him into the thickest of the battle, must have prevented his observing the various chances of the day. The soldiers themselves seem also to be sensible of this when they confessed that “*Parmenio had done many things without Alexander, but Alexander nothing without Parmenio*.” His conduct after his accession to the Persian throne is a mixture of madness and brutality. Yet now and then some

flashes of his natural virtue broke forth. These induce us to soften his infamy, by supposing him frantic with the sudden intoxication of power. In this crisis, he falls a victim to a low bravado at a drinking match. A most *unkingly* fall! But let us reverse the medal. Let us imagine what he *would have been*, had not his folly put so early a period to his existence. Suppose him matured by years, and in the quiet possession of the empire of the world. He would have possessed a vast fund of military knowledge. He would have possessed a treasure much better for the father and guardian of the nations. Time would have mellowed that bright, but too glaring courage, into a calm, though determined resolution. Thus he would have been a consummate general and a good King. As habit would have dissipated the illusions of conquest, majesty would have softened into the milder rays of paternal care, and the throne grown familiar to himself would have been less terrible to others. His ripened judgment would have subdued the wild extravagance of youthful passion; though its *active essence* would have remained in its full vigour. His ambition satiated by victory would have sought a new channel to flow in, and the natural benevolence of his heart would have pointed out the proper one: the wounds of the sword would have been healed by the balm of peace; and the ravages of the conqueror repaired by the justice of the prince.

O! Alexander, thy life was fortunate for thy power; but thy death was unhappy for thy glory. Thou livedst to see thy fame expire, but didst not live to see it revive again! Thou shouldst have fallen at Arbela: or, like thy father Amnon, thou shouldst have been immortal.

#### FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. THE RIGHT OF THE AMERICAN LOYALISTS.

THESE most unfortunate men, notwithstanding the desperate situation to which they are reduced by the scandalous negligence of our late negotiators, were and still are as intirely and substantially members or subjects of the British empire, as the inhabitants of London or Middlesex can be. They

were as much bound by all the obligations and duties of the society, and consequently as much entitled to the protection and justice of the state; and therefore, the crown can have no greater right to sacrifice their property to the public safety, than that of any other subject, without compensation. They have



have been called on by their sovereign, when surrounded by tumult and rebellion, to defend the supreme rights of the nation, and to assist in suppressing a rebellion, which aimed at their destruction. They have received, from the highest authority the most solemn assurances of *protection*, and even *reward* for their "*meritorious services*." These calls, and these assurances, have been repeated again and again, during the times of the greatest danger, and even after many hundreds had fallen victims to the unrelenting cruelties of the Rebel States, on no other account but that of their allegiance to their sovereign, and fidelity to their fellow-subjects in Great-Britain. They have, notwithstanding those cruelties, at every hazard, and in the face of the most imminent danger, obeyed those calls, and generously stepped forth in defence of the supreme authority of the state. In direct consequence of which, their lives have been attainted, their estates confiscated and applied to the use of the rebels. Thus called on, and having suffered such losses, and made such sacrifices to the public safety, they conceive that they have, *in an especial manner*, an incontestible right to national justice and publick protection. And therefore they entertain a well-grounded confidence, that those losses and sacrifices will not be solely borne by themselves, but will, as they ought, by every principle of law and natural justice, be equally distributed and borne by the whole society. On them the burthen will be *light and insignificant*; but were it to rest on the suffering individuals, it would be *unjust in the utmost degree, intolerable, and unmerciful*.

That a nation consisting of 9,000,000 of people, and possessed of more real and substantial wealth than any other in Europe, is able to do this act of natural and legal justice, without adding in any considerable degree to its burdens, will not, cannot be controverted. For probably less than *one fourth* part of the sum necessary to defray the public exigencies of a war during one year, will be abundantly sufficient for this equitable purpose: and they trust in the liberality and magnanimity of the nation, that the plan of public œconomy, so just and so necessary in every society, will not be a bar to the justice they have a right to claim as individual subjects;

nor be extended farther, in regard to *them*, than common justice requires: for they conceive that the consideration of *public œconomy* can have no beginning until the demands of *public faith* and *national justice* are fulfilled; that however useful and necessary it may be, at all times, and upon all occasions, it can have no weight when opposed to *public justice*; and that, in the nature of things, it can only regard the *bounties* and *voluntary expences* of the state.

While the American loyalists thus contend for public justice, they cheerfully agree, that a nation is not obliged to carry on a long and unsuccessful war against numerous and powerful enemies. They will suppose, without presuming to judge, that the state is reduced to the unfortunate alternative of continuing the war at the expence of *twenty millions yearly*, or, of giving up the *estates of a number of its faithful and deserving subjects*. Even in this case, they persuade themselves, that they are justifiable upon the principles of civil society, in contending, that the just objects of public œconomy can only dictate the prudence and justice of avoiding the *greater evil*, and by the savings of a *permanent peace*, to repair the losses and sacrifices it inflicts on individuals, *as the price of obtaining it*.

His Majesty and the two Houses of Parliament having thought it necessary, as the *price of peace*, or to the interest and safety of the empire, or from some other motive of public convenience, to ratify the Independence of America, without securing *any restitution whatever* to the loyalists; they conceive that the nation is bound, as well by the fundamental laws of the society, as by the invariable and eternal principles of natural justice, to make them a compensation.

Sensible of the predicament in which they stand as subjects; and conscious that they have, on their part, by their exercises and sacrifices, more than fulfilled the conditions of civil society; they would be wanting to themselves, and to those tender connections who have, from necessity, been the unhappy companions of their misfortunes, if they did not make their claim of justice to those who are authorized to grant it. And therefore they do appeal to the fundamental laws of the society of which they are members—to the justice of

of their sovereign and his parliament, and of their fellow-subjects in Great-Britain—at whose *instance*, in support of whose *sovereign rights*, and for whose *sakes*, they have lost and sacrificed all that men can possibly lose or suffer,

*life itself only excepted.* And they make this appeal under the firmest confidence in the liberality and equity of the nation, that the justice of their claim will be acknowledged, and a compensation be accordingly made.

### FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

#### THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S VINDICATION OF THE PEACE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, ON FRIDAY FEBRUARY 21, 1783.

**W**E are informed, Sir, from the papers before us, that the British force amounted nearly to one hundred sail of the line.—Many of these had been long and actively employed on foreign stations. With diligent exertions, six new ships would have been added to the catalogue in March. The force of France and Spain amounted nearly to one hundred and forty sail of the line, sixty of which were lying in Cadiz harbour, stored and victualled for immediate service. Twelve ships of the line, including one newly built, by the United States, had quitted Boston harbour under Vaudreuil, in a state of perfect repair.—An immense land armament was collected at St. Domingo.—These several forces, Sir, were united in one object, and that object was the reduction of Jamaica.—Who, Sir, can suppose with serious confidence, that island could have long resisted a regular attack, supported by seventy-two sail of the line? Admiral Pigot, after his reinforcement from Europe, would have commanded a fleet of only forty-six sail, and it has long been acknowledged in this House, that *defensive war must terminate in certain ruin.* Would Admiral Pigot have undertaken at this time *offensive* operations against the islands of the enemy? Those islands on which Lord Rodney, flushed with victory, could not venture to attempt an impression? Would Admiral Pigot, Sir, have regained by arms what the ministers have recovered by treaty? Could he, in the sight of a superior fleet, have re-captured Grenada, Dominique, St. Kitt's, Nevis, and Montserrat? Or might we not too reasonably apprehend the campaign in the West-Indies would have closed with the loss of Jamaica it-

self, the remnant of our possessions in that part of the globe?

Let us next consider our situation in the East.—A mere defensive resistance, however glorious, had entitled Sir Edward Hughes to the thanks of this House—but his success, if it may be termed a victory, had not prevented the enemy from landing a greater European force than we actually possess in India; and who at this instant are in conjunction with Heider, subduing and desolating the Carnatic.

The prospect is by no means brightened when we look forward to the probable operations in the Channel and in the Northern Seas, during the course of the ensuing summer.—Thirteen new sail of the line would at that time have been added to the fleet of France; and the Dutch force, as it has been accurately stated by a great naval officer,\* in this debate, would have amounted to twenty-five sail of the line—What accession the Spanish force would have received is not sufficiently known. It is enough for me to state, the fleets of Bourbon and of Holland would have doubled our's in our own seas.—Should we have seized the intervals of their cruize, and poorly paraded the channel for a few weeks, to tarnish again, by flight, the glories of the last campaign?—Or should we have dared to risque the existence of the kingdom itself, by engaging against such fearful odds?

What were the feelings of every one who hears me? (what were my own feelings it is impossible to describe) when that great man Lord Howe set sail with our only fleet; inferior to the enemy, and under a probability of an engagement on their own coasts?—My apprehensions, Sir, on this occasion, however great, were mixed with hope;

I knew

\* Commodore Keith Stewart,



I knew the superiority of British skill and courage might outweigh the inequality of numbers.—But, Sir, in another quarter, and at the same instant of time, my apprehensions were unmingled with a ray of comfort—The Baltic fleet, almost as valuable as Gibraltar itself, for it contained all the materials for future war, was on its way to England; and twelve sail of the line had been sent out from the ports of Holland to intercept them—Gibraltar was relieved by a skill and courage that baffled superior numbers; and the Baltic fleet was, I know not how, miraculously preserved. One power, indeed, the honourable gentleman has omitted in *his* detail:—But the *Dutch*, Sir, had not been disarmed by the humiliating language of that gentleman's ministry. They were warmed into more active exertions, and were just beginning to feel their own strength. They were not only about to defend themselves with effect, but to lend ten sail of the line to the fleets of France and Spain.—Here, Sir, let us pause for a moment of serious and solemn consideration!

Should the ministers have persevered, from day to day, to throw the desperate die, whose successes had won us only a barren though glorious safety, and whose failure in a single cast would sink us into hopeless ruin? However fondly the ideas of national expectation had diffused themselves amongst the people, the ministers, Sir, could entertain no rational hopes.—Those columns of our strength, which many honourable gentlemen had raised with so much fancy, and decorated with so much invention, the ministers had surveyed with the eye of sober reason.—I am sorry to say, Sir, we discovered the fabric of our naval superiority to be visionary and baseless.

I shall next, Sir, with submission to the right honourable gentleman who presides in that department, state, in few words, the situation of the army.—It is notorious to every gentleman who hears me, that new levies could scarcely be torn, on any terms, from this depopulated country. It is known to professional men, how great is the difference between the nominal and effective state of that service—and, astonishing as it may appear, after a careful enquiry, three thousand men

were the utmost force that could have been safely sent from this country on any offensive duty.—But, I am told, Sir, the troops from New-York would have supplied us with a force equal to the demands of every intended expedition.—The foreign troops in that garrison we had no power to embark on any other than American service.—And, Sir, in contradiction to the honourable gentlemen who spoke last, and to that noble lord whose language he affects to speak in this House, no transports had been prepared, or could have been assembled for their immediate embarkation.—Where, Sir, should they have directed their course when they were at length embarked, but into the hazard of an enemy's fleet, which would have cruized with undisputed superiority in every part of the western world.

No pressure of public accusation, nor heat of innocence in its own defence, shall ever tempt me to disclose a single circumstance, which may tend to humiliate my country. What I am about to say, will betray no secret of state—it is known, for it is felt throughout the nation.—There remains at this instant, exclusive of the annual services, an unfunded debt of thirty millions.—Taxes, Sir, the most flattering, had again and again been tried, and, instead of revenue from themselves, had frequently produced a failure in others, with which they had been found to sympathize.—But here, Sir, I am told by the honourable gentleman who spoke last, *other nations would have felt an equal distress*; good God! to what a consequence does the honourable gentleman lead us!—Should I, Sir, have dared to advise a continuance of war, which endangered the bankruptcy of public faith; a bankruptcy which would have almost dissolved the bonds of government, and have involved the state in the confusion of a general ruin? Should I have ventured to do this, because *ONE of the adverse powers MIGHT have experienced an equal distress*?

The honourable gentleman\* who spoke last has amused the House with various statements—on the different principles of *uti possidetis* and restitution. The principle of those statements is as false as it is unexpected from

\* Mr. Fox.

from him:—Did his great naval friend acquaint him with the respective values of Dominique and St. Lucia?—That lord, who in his Majesty's councils had advised, and perhaps wisely, a preference of the former. The value of Dominique, Sir, was better known to our enemies; and the immense sums employed by them in fortifying that island, prove, as well its present value, as their desire to retain it. That honourable gentleman has, on all occasions, spoke with approbation of the last peace: was St. Lucia left in our hands by that peace, the terms of which we ourselves prescribed?—or was St. Lucia really *so impregnable* as to endanger all our possessions at the commencement of the present war.

It would be needless for me, Sir, to remind the honourable gentleman who spoke last, of any declarations he had made in a preceding session:—professions from him, so antiquated and obsolete, would have but little weight in this House:—but I will venture to require consistency for a single week, and shall remind him of his declaration in Monday's debate, "*that even this peace was preferable to a continuance of the war.*" Will he then criminate his Majesty's ministers by the present motion, for preferring what he would have preferred? or how will he presume to prove, that if better terms could have been obtained, it was less their interest than their duty to have obtained them.

Was this peace, Sir, concluded with the same indecent levity, that the honourable gentleman would proceed to its condemnation? Many days and nights were laboriously employed by his Majesty's ministers in such extensive negotiations—consultations were held with persons the best informed on the respective subjects—many doubts were well weighed, and removed—and weeks and months of solemn discussion gave birth to that peace, which we are required to destroy without examination: that peace, the positive ultimatum from France, and to which I solemnly assure the public, there was no other alternative but a continuance of war.

Could the ministers, thus surrounded with scenes of ruin, affect to dictate the terms of peace?—And are these articles seriously compared with the

peace of Paris?—There was, indeed, a time when Great Britain might have met her enemies on either conditions; and if an imagination, warmed with the power and glory of this country, could have diverted any member of his Majesty's councils from a painful inspection of the truth, I might I hope, without presumption, have been entitled to that indulgence. I feel, Sir, at this instant, how much I had been animated in my childhood by a recital of England's victories:—I was taught, Sir, by one, whose memory I shall ever revere, that at the close of a war, far different indeed from this, she had dictated the terms of peace to submissive nations. This, in which I place something more than a common interest, was the memorable æra of England's glory. But that æra is past; she is under the awful and mortifying necessity of employing a language that corresponds with her true condition. The visions of her power and pre-eminence are passed away.

*We have acknowledged American independence*—That, Sir, was a needless form—The incapacity of the noble lord who conducted our affairs—The events of war, and even a vote of this House, had already granted what it was impossible to withhold.

*We have ceded Florida*—We have obtained Providence and the Bahama islands.

*We have ceded an extent of fishery on the coast of Newfoundland*—We have established an exclusive right to the most valuable banks.

*We have restored St. Lucia, and given up Tobago*—We have regained Grenada, Dominica, St. Kit's, Nevis, and Montserrat, and we have rescued Jamaica from her impending danger. In Africa we have ceded Goree, the grave of our countrymen; and we possess Senegambia, the best and most healthy settlement.

*In Europe we have relinquished Minorca*, kept up at an immense and useless expence in peace, and never tenable in war.

*We have likewise permitted his most Christian Majesty to repair his harbour of Dunkirk*—The humiliating clause for its destruction was inserted, Sir, after other wars than the past—But the immense expence attending its repair will still render this indulgence useless;



useless; add to this, that Dunkirk was first an object of our jealousy, when ships were constructed far inferior to their present draught—That harbour, at the commencement of the war, admitted ships of a single deck; no art or expence will enable it to receive a fleet of the line.

In the East Indies, where alone we had a power to obtain this peace, we have restored what was useless to ourselves, and scarcely tenable in a continuance of the war.—

*But we have abandoned the unhappy loyalists to their implacable enemies—* Little, Sir, are those unhappy men befriended by such a language in this

House; nor shall we give much assistance to their cause, or add stability to the reciprocal confidence of the two states, if we already impute to Congress a violence and injustice, which decency forbids us to suspect.—Would a continuation of the war have been justified, on the single principle of assisting these unfortunate men? Or would a continuance of the war, if so justified, have procured them a more certain indemnity? Their hopes, Sir, must have been rendered desperate indeed, by any additional distresses of Britain; those hopes which are now revived by the timely aid of peace and reconciliation.

### FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

#### MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS ON SOME REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN HISTORY.

**N**O period appears to me to be so unaccountable as the reign of Tarquin the Proud.—We see a prince committing incest. We see him imbruing his hands in the blood of his own brother and wife. We see him live unpunished under the laws of the justest state upon earth. We see him wading through the blood of his monarch—his own father, to the throne, and peaceably ruling for twenty five years over a people who doated on the murdered king:—a people too the bravest in the world. We find him in his grey hairs deposed on a sudden by a supposed fool—the son of that brother whom he had murdered. We see him ineffectually endeavouring to regain his kingdom, and obliged at last to close his life in banishment and anguish. We see the sons of this supposed fool plotting the restoration of the man who had murdered their grandfire, and deprived them of their inheritance, and this too at the price of their own father's life. Finally, we see that father rigorously supporting the new established laws at the price of the life—even of his own sons. This is a period at once the most wonderful, the most savage, and the most strongly marked with the great and terrible that is to be met with in history.

**HANNIBAL'S** march into Italy, however greatly executed, was in some

respects exceedingly ill-planned: and his success was not a little owing to the bad generalship of the Romans. That part of his character, which, with less splendor, hath most value, is his supporting his little army sixteen years in the very heart of an enemy's country, with all his supplies stopped:—every where making head against successive forces, and (what is the most extraordinary circumstance) with scarce a single desertion from those troops, which were almost wholly composed of mercenaries and barbarians.

IN reading history we should be very cautious not to judge of characters from epithets, but from facts. Historians have fallen into a strange error; and thinking no substantive complete without its adjective, imagine that every great name is imperfect without its epithet. The epithet—the *ruling* epithet is perhaps frequently chosen from one single action; which so far from marking the general character, may possibly be utterly different from every other part of it. Mr. Macquer in his *Chronological Abridgement*, says of Hannibal, "If this great captain wanted religion, sincerity, and humanity, as he is *said* to have done, I will perhaps grant that he had the accomplishments of a conqueror, but I will not allow him those of the hero." The author here seems to *doubt* the justice of the character.

character he gives, by the qualified and cautionary expression—"as he is *said*." But by *whom* is this great captain said to be devoid of religion, humanity, and sincerity? There is no proof of his having been destitute of all religion; unless the proof of it may be drawn from what possibly was the effect of his zeal, viz. his destroying the temples of those who professed another faith. There is no instance recorded of any inhumanity, but what falls within the fair province of war, and may be warranted by the policy of *this* world, or what hath been called the *law of nations*. As to his sincerity, we need no stronger proof of it than the long and inviolable attachment of his army and allies. From whom then is this very ungracious account of Hannibal taken? From the *Romans*. It is drawn from the harsh epithets bestowed upon him by *their* historians and poets. But there required no extraordinary instances of cruelty to affix the epithets of *atrox* and *crudelis* on the successful invader of a half-ruined state. But when Scipio, breaking a most solemn treaty, surprises two unsuspecting armies, and not content with burning two thirds of them in their camp, sacrifices the remaining five thousand to Vulcan, it is only remarked by Mr. M. "that this horrid sacrifice shews how the *noblest* minds may be tainted by superstition;" and immediately after he is called, "the *brave*, the *generous* Scipio." His breach of faith, his horrid sacrifice are both sunk in the contemplation of Scipio's *self-denial* in the instance of the fair Spaniard:—as if a man's forbearing to ravish the wife of another was such a singular action of heroic virtue as to have merit sufficient to atone for some of the blackest crimes that could sully the honour of human nature!—To give a specimen of two more of the historian's *epithets*.—The *execrable* Ravilliac stabs Henry the IVth, the professed enemy (as the assassin supposed) of the religion and liberties of his countries: but it is the *mild*, the *patriotic* Brutus who plunges his dagger in the breast of his friend, his benefactor, and perhaps his parent. It is in vain to plead that Cæsar was an usurper. Henry succeeded by arms to the throne of an Anjou; and Cæsar to the Dictatorship of Sylla.—The *dark*, the *unrelenting* Philip brings religious persecu-

tion on his subjects, yet not personally, but by proxy: but it is the *amiable* Francis, who marches as first executioner at a religious *auto-de-fe* in Paris.

More modern times have produced a very striking instance of the misapplication of epithet. When the name of GREAT was affixed to a very weak man, facts were strained to support its credit. A Condé or a Luxemburg shake all Europe with alarms. This is called "the prevailing fortune of Lewis the GREAT." A Colbert and a Loivois exert all their powers and abilities to extend the fame of his domestic œconomy. Absorbed in pleasure, and bloated with pride, he assumes the merit of instituting a marine, keeping on foot numerous armies, and achieving victories, whilst dancing in the gallery of Versailles. Become now the head of Europe, time robs him of his protectors: but yet it is Lewis the GREAT that suffers his marine to decay, himself to be robbed of his triumphs; and who for want of penetration, or from a weakness that made him the dupe of female artifice, places at the head of his shattered armies and finances those in all his dominions the most unfit for the posts they possess. Finally when deprived of his foreign conquests, oppressed by the weight of Europe, the barrier of his kingdom taken, his glory withered, and age doubling disgrace upon him; sinking under the superior fame of a private subject of Britain, and a prince born in his own realm, and whom his own want of sagacity had driven into the service of his foes: his people impoverished, his treasury exhausted, and himself long the plaything of women and of priests, overcome with care, and depressed by the superadded weight of dotage and infirmity, yet his infatuated subjects, "*lured by the whistling of a name*," still extol the exploits of Lewis le GRAND: and whilst that *great* potentate scarce felt the sensations of being, his metropolis was still adorned with triumphal monuments, inscribed—"TO THE IMMORTAL MAN!!!"

To laugh, were want of decency and grace!  
But to be grave exceeds all power of face!

IN perusing history we meet with a number of ravagers; but very few who merit the title of conquerors. To conquer, doth not signify to over-run a country



country with fire and sword, like the destructive blaze of a pestilential meteor which passes and is seen no more, save in the desolation it hath occasioned. To conquer, in the true sense of the word, signifies not only the *gaining* a kingdom, but the *securing* it in that absolute dependence, that the victor may have the sole management of all its departments, and at death may be able to deliver it up as an inheritance to his heir; that like an estate in fee, it may descend to posterity. If conquest be taken in this sense, it will abridge the catalogue of conquerors. We shall strike out the names of many heroes who have long figured in it from Sesostris to Tamerlane, &c. &c. William the 1st of England, although his victories were not numerous, seems, according to this idea, to have merited his title; and is perhaps the standard of a true and steady conqueror. Henry VIIIth (if you give him no other claim to the crown but that of conquest) deserved the name, though he never obtained it. Henry the IVth of France is at once the great model both for conquerors and for princes.

CHARLES the Vth of Germany, and Henry IVth of France were both accounted able politicians; but there was an immense difference in their political systems. Charles, it is confessed, laid *deep* schemes; but had he *reflected more deeply*, he would have perceived the impossibility of their execution. Accordingly, to the discredit of his prudence and penetration, these deep schemes impoverished his empire, and entirely ruined the peace of his own mind. Henry, on the contrary, by forming no projects but those which he knew to be within the compass of his own power to execute, and confining himself more to the humble sphere of rendering men happy, than the shamefully exalted one of disturbing their peace, left a people completely blessed, and a name glorious through all ages.

This is the difference between subtlety and wisdom—a state juggler; and a sound politician!

MARSHAL SAXE had greater knowledge in the detail of war than the Duke of Marlborough: but the Duke had the advantage in the sublime. War on the enlarged scale best suited his great and comprehensive mind. Marshal Saxe owed his knowledge chiefly to his learning; the Duke to his genius. The Marshal had the advantage of the Duke, in his acquaintance with the mathematics, tactics, and fortification; but when we reflect that the Duke, without these advantages, excelled the Marshal by actions of so superior a nature, we cannot but be astonished at the force and extent of his natural understanding. The one was the hero of the judgment; the other of the imagination. The Duke is greatly to be admired: but the Marshal is the best model to be imitated.

THE most curious succession of Generals which we meet with in history, were those which Spain sent into the Netherlands after the revolt of William. From a natural phlegm they were insensible to the splendor of *daring* exploits, and never regarded how an advantage might be won with glory, as how it might be gained with security. Thus they left nothing to chance. Their camps were always admirably fortified. Insensible to shame they would raise sieges, even on the approach of an inferior army, waiting in their strong camp for a more fit occasion, and from which camp, neither the insults of the enemy, nor the tumults among their own soldiers, had power to draw them, till some opportunity, which was auspicious to their safety, offered, and then they never failed to improve so fortunate a circumstance to the best advantage. Such generals were cruelly invincible! It was impossible to beat them.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.  
DESULTORY REMARKS ON PATRIOTS AND PATRIOTISM,  
WRITTEN IN 1770.

THE idea of patriotism seems to be very indeterminate. Amongst the ancients, a patriot was supposed to

LOND. MAG. March, 1783.

be a man of disinterested principles, and whose whole attention was directed to the security of the state. Amongst the

R

moderns

moderns, a patriot is a man who is in continual opposition to the measures of government, under the pretence of stemming corruption, and counteracting the evil influence of placemen and pensioners. The ancients thought that some degree of private virtue and honour was necessary to season his patriotism, and give it credit, consistence, and stability. Moderns have made a very nice and curious distinction between private and public virtue. They think that a man who hath sequestered a *private charity*, may, nevertheless, be very safely entrusted with the management of the *public treasure*; that a man who hath *robbed* the orphan, may yet support the *rights* of his country: and though a traitor, yet be a patriot. According to the above definition, Cicero was a patriot for the ancients: and Catiline for the moderns.

I have often supposed myself transformed into an historian of some subsequent age: and have endeavoured to conjecture what such an historian would say of some events of the present reign, and some distinguished personages that have figured in it, supposing that his accounts were taken, without scruple, from those *matchless* histories of the day, the *PUBLICK PAPERS*. He would probably entitle his book — “*TYRANNY DISPLAYED! or, The History of the Reign of George the third.*” Now, I have thought that the historian, following such *excellent* guides, would embellish his work with some such reflections and anecdotes as the following:

“At this period, big with every evil that heaven could inflict on a falling state, the helm of Britain was entrusted to the hands of Augustus, D— of G——n: a man, who, by the testimony of cotemporary historians, proved a greater tyrant than Caligula, or even the monster Nero. In him were united all that was infamous in private life; all that was despotic in public. We know not if he was the worst man or the worst minister.—Here, however, we meet with an *Hiatus* much to be deplored:—a lamentable blank in the great histories of the day! For although we may naturally suppose, that the

people were oppressed, the public treasure sequestered in private hands, the estates of individuals confiscated for his own emolument, and the blood of the first nobility shed on the scaffold to satiate his revenge, yet (such is the defect in our annals, which can only be supplied by conjecture!) we have no other proof of his oppressive tyranny handed down to us, than his forbidding the poor to cut brush-wood in Whittlebury forest.

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“ALTHOUGH we have no direct and positive proof of the horrid cruelties and massacres of the Duke of Grafton, yet we have many very strong *circumstances* to justify us in supposing that he had in the course of his short ministry almost annihilated the nobility and families of distinction, since in a time of the greatest public calamity, when the landed property was tyrannically struck at, and the very constitution tottered to its basis, and the whole nation trembled at the approaching ruin, yet Britain could produce no nobler props than one Wilkes, an exile, a beggar, and a Barabbas; one Churchill, a Welch curate, and his brother a London apothecary, one Edridge, a poulterer; and a certain parson of Brentford called Horne.”

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“THE oppressions of this dreadful Duke, and the tide of wickedness which his example let in on the nation, extinguished all sense of virtue and honour, and introduced an universal corruption of manners. Wilkes, the favourite of the people, although fairly convicted of blasphemy, and generally thought an unprincipled profligate, was called forth to represent the first county in the kingdom. This occasioned a contest which embroiled the state for years; for the senate refused to admit him. The people cried out, *Liberty!* the House cried out, *Honour!* The senate pleaded their privilege of *rejecting*; the people their's of *choosing*. The former would not part with their power and dignity: and the latter would not give up Wilkes and No. 45!”



FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.  
HINTS OF DESIGNS FOR HISTORICAL PAINTINGS.

## I.

**A**GIS, King of Sparta, defeated by Antipater, abandoned by his soldiers, and surrounded by the Macedonian army, kneeling on his shield and half-expiring, yet with his lifted javelin defying the conquering army.

The Macedonians keep aloof, with various countenances expressing amazement, irresolution, hesitation, &c. &c.

II. (*A companion to it.*)

Coligni (his friend dead and bleeding at his feet) pointing at his breast, and with an undismayed countenance, bidding the assassins execute their commission. The assassins, repelled by his majestic air and venerable look, are suspended for a moment in irresolution and astonishment. The captain of the band

agitated with fury urges them on to slaughter and curses their delay.

## III.

The Carthaginian army leaving Italy to oppose Scipio. In the fore ground, Hannibal surrounded by his officers, with a countenance of disappointment, extreme anguish, and regret, contemplating a pillar, the monument of his victories, erected on the coast by his soldiers.

## IV.

Charles of Sweden at Pultowa, wounded and carried on pikes by his grenadiers; fury, and indignation, and revenge in his countenance, and his action such as if he was exclaiming, "Swedes! Swedes!"

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.  
ON APPARITIONS AND OLD WIVES FABLES.

*Ecce Avia, aut metuens Divum matertera cunis  
Exemit puerum!*

Perf.

**E**ARLY ideas are never to be effaced. Reason indeed is an excellent sponge; but, alas! it is seldom applied till the evil is engrained; and the utmost it can effect is just to gloss it over, or rub out a few spots on the surface. Of all the abuses which have crept into modern education, none is more glaring than the trick of nurses, who, to quiet infants, terrify their imaginations, by such horrid phantasms, as bring on an habitual weakness on the mind, and render it a prey to fears, which even its maturer judgment cannot wholly suppress. I speak from experience. I had a nurse of this sort, who, discovering, by some little impatience in my temper, that my mind had an active vent, determined to keep my imagination in play by conjuring up a set of ideal spectres, and ranging them in battle array against me. One of my first essays in arms, was against a headless horse. Formidable as the enemy appeared, yet I encountered him with spirit, and soon drove him off the field.

I then waged unequal war with various success, against a host of giants with grim visages, devils breathing fire, and bleeding skeletons with clanking chains. These pressed me very hard at first: but as reason brought me still stronger and stronger reinforcements, I regained the ground I had lost, pushed my way forward, and pursued so closely every circumstance that turned out in my favour, that I am now very little afraid of an attack on this side—except, perhaps, in a dark church.

\* When the midnight bell doth with his  
iron tongue,  
And brazen mouth sound, ONE!

Or in a remote apartment in an old mansion house, with a long gallery leading to it; or in a very lofty bed (without a companion) in a room hung with Tapestry.

But there is one being, who, by attacking my imagination when it was defenceless, hath secured his post; and I almost despair of ever dispossessing him so effectually, but that he will frequently

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\* *Shakspeare.*

rally his forces and renew the engagement. This monster of enchantment is vulgarly called a *Bull-Beggar*. My nurse, like another sorcerer, had him at command. At her call, he appeared: and, when she waved her hand, he vanished. But not so the terrible impression of him on my scared fancy.—I should have been more cautious in mentioning this weakness of mine, had I not been kept in countenance by the example of a great poet of a neighbouring nation: I mean Mr. Brooke, the author of the *Tragedy of the Earl of Essex*—to say nothing of his *Fool of Quality*, though if I wanted an example to illustrate any species of weakness, I might be easily accommodated from that choice repository. Now it is past a doubt with me, that Mr. Brooke hath laboured under the weight of the same terrifying apprehensions, to which I have all my days been in some degree or other, subjected from the impression of this same odious monster of fancy. I think I see it very clearly in the following speech which he puts into the mouth of his hero:

'Twas but enough to say, that Essex came,  
And nurses stild their children with the  
fright.

Now I am convinced that Mr. Brooke, when writing these lines had lost the idea of Essex, and had before his eyes the *Bull-Beggar*, which the nurse had imprinted on his imagination. *Tamen usque recurret*. It would return, do all he could to keep it out. If he shut the door, it would jump in through the window: and if doors and windows

were shut, it would come down the chimney.

I never was at a Presbyterian meeting but once in my life: but it smelled so strong of the *Bull-Beggar*, that I was determined never to be caught in such a place again. "I meet him (said I) too often at home; there is no occasion to go abroad for his company." He roared through the whole sermon; nor was he quiet in the prayers. But I flattered myself the singing would drive him away, or at least charm him into silence. But here I was utterly disappointed; for he bellowed more violently than ever; and all the congregation accompanied him *to the praise and glory of God!*

Now Satan comes with dreadful roar,  
And threatens to destroy:  
He worries whom he can't devour,  
With a malicious joy.

*Watt's Hymns, B. II. H. 157.*

I thought it hard to be pursued by my old enemy at this devilish rate!—To find the conventicle no sanctuary, nor "*Sunday no sabbath-day to me*," was, I thought, an intolerable piece of persecution. How did I envy the magnanimity of the chimney sweeper's boy, who meeting Dean Swift in a narrow way and taking him for a grim spectre sent hither to affright mankind, made a stand, and putting himself in a posture of defiance, like another David, intrepidly exclaimed—"Get thee gone—get the gone, raw head and bloody bones! here's a boy that fears thee not."—It was well for the little hero that he never knew my nurse!

## FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

THE account you gave of O'LEARY'S Tracts, excited my curiosity. A Papist pleading the cause of toleration is a singular phenomenon. You have however well accounted for it. "It is a Papist in a *Protestant* country!" I have perused those Tracts and thoroughly acquiesce in your judgment of their merits and defects. I have long wished to see what a Papist of Mr. O'Leary's complexion would say in excuse for the establishment of the Inquisition. It is a nice and delicate subject for a Catholic who professes *tolerating* principles. I have met with ample satisfaction on

this head, from the *Essay on Toleration*, by this ingenious and lively Jesuit. I call him *Jesuit* at a venture; for I think I see the character very perfectly delineated in these Tracts. How far Mr. O'Leary's apology will wipe off the reproach of the Inquisition, I pretend not to determine. It is however curious to see what a cunning Papist, *professing candour*, can advance on the subject, and I beg the following extract from this author may for that purpose be inserted.

Your's, &c.

SINCERUS.



“THE opposition given, in Catholic countries to the establishment of the inquisition—the death of the inquisitors by the hands of the people—and the general odium it raised, prove that the sparks of the moderation and meekness recommended in the gospel, and practiced in the primitive times, with regard to people of a different persuasion, were not quite extinct, even in the ages of darkness and barbarism. Popes themselves opposed its introduction into Venice: and whether from policy or piety, I shall not take upon me to determine. But Berkeley remarks, that, “if policy induced a Pope to oppose its introduction in a certain state, policy might have induced another Pope to introduce it into his own.”\* I am convinced he was not mistaken in his conjectures. The Pope was in possession of a city which formerly gave birth to so many heroes, besides a good territory bestowed on him by several sovereigns. He thought it high time to look about him, when all Europe was in a general blaze. The liberty of the Gospel, preached by Muncer and several other enthusiasts, threw all Germany into a flame, and armed boors against their sovereigns. As he was a temporal prince, he dreaded for his sovereignty, as well as other crowned heads in his neighbourhood: and the more so, as his soldiers were better skilled in saying their beads than handling the musket. Great events, the downfall of empires, and the rise or destruction of extraordinary characters, are commonly foretold in oracles, both sacred and profane; and he found himself in the same dubious and critical situation with Montezuma, when the Spaniards landed in America.

\* Old prophecies foretel our fall at hand.

“When bearded men in floating castles land.”†

Long before the reformation the dimensions of his city were taken: the line was extended over its walls; and it was discovered that it was the “great city built on seven hills,” the “harlot that had made the Kings of the earth drunk with her cup;” and that her sovereign “was Antichrist, the man of sin,” mentioned by St. Paul, in his epistle to the Thessalonians. Wickliff, Huss, and Jerome of Prague, had laid

down as a rule, many years before, that “popes, princes, and bishops, in the state of mortal sin, have no power:” and a state of grace was, doubtless, incompatible with the character of Antichrist. Jerome of Prague, who was burnt afterwards at Constance, to shew that Rome was the harlot of the Revelations, after beating one monk and drowning another, dressed, one day, a prostitute in pope’s attire, with the three crowned cap, made of paper, on her head, and in her head-dress, without being so careful of the rest of her body, leads the female pontiff half naked, in procession through the streets of Prague, in derision of a religion professed by the magistrates.

Some *well-bred* divines there are, who justify such proceedings, on the principle that it was requisite, at that time, “to cry aloud, and use a strong wedge to break the knotty block of popery.” I do not believe there is a well-bred Protestant living, who would applaud either *martyr* or *divine*, who would exhibit such a merry spectacle in the streets of Dublin or London; or who would shed a tear for his loss, if, after exhibiting such a shew in Rome or in Paris, he fell into the hands of the Inquisition, or were sent to the Gallies. The gospel truth is no enemy to decency. St. Paul, in pleading his cause before Festus, did not inveigh against vestal virgins, the adulteries of his Gods, or the wickedness of his Emperors. Let a religion of state be ever so false, the magistrate who professes it will feel himself insulted, when it is attacked in a gross injurious manner; and, if apologies can be made for indecencies and seditious doctrines, under pretence of overthrowing idolatry, some allowance must be made for men who think themselves insulted by such attacks. The Pope, then, as a sovereign prince, had every thing to dread, when the thrones of the German princes began to totter from the shocks of *inspiration*: but what still increased his alarms, was—the unfolding of the revelations, which held him up to all Europe, as the antichrist, the general enemy of Christians, who should be destroyed. Lest any one should miss his aim, it was proved from the revelations, that he was the beast with ten horns; and, in bearing down such

\* *Minute Philosopher.* † *Dryden’s Indian Queen.*

such a game, the world was to be renewed, and the peaceful reign of the Millenium, during which Christ was to reign with the saints on earth, was to begin. The time was approaching. Old John Fox, the martyrologist, says, that "after long study and prayers, God had *cast suddenly into his mind, by divine inspiration*, that the forty-two months must be referred to the church's persecution, from the time of John the Baptist." This calculation was to bring on the Pope's destruction about the year sixteen hundred\*. Brightman was more precise, and foretold the final downfall of the Pope, in the year fifteen hundred and forty-six, others in fifteen hundred fifty-six, and others in fifteen hundred and fifty-nine. Luther came closer to the famous æra; and published his prophecy, in which it was revealed to him, that the Pope and the Turk would be destroyed in two years after the date of his oracle. This, certainly was a close attack on the Pope, who, in all appearance, did not like to die so soon, even of a natural death. He apprehended the accomplishment of the oracles the more, as at that time almost every one was inspired, and ready to do any thing for the destruction of Antichrist.

Alexander Ross, in his view of religion, describes numbers of those prophets, and amongst the rest, one Hermannus Sutor, a cobbler of Optzant, who professed himself a true prophet, and Messiah Son of God; a very dangerous neighbour for Antichrist! This man, to receive the prophetic inspiration, stretched himself naked in bed; and, after ordering a hoghead of strong beer to be brought close to him, began to drink in the source of inspiration, and to receive the spirit by infusion; when on a sudden, "he (to use the words of Alexander Ross) with a Stentor's voice and a horrid howling, among other things, often repeated this, kill, cut the throats, without any quarter, of all those monks, all those popes:—Repent, repent, for your deliverance is at hand." However extraordinary such a character would appear now, yet at that time, inspiration was so frequent, that one would imagine all Germany was a nation of prophets: and Her-

mannus, who was afterwards put to death by Charles, Lord of Guelderland, had credit enough to make proselytes. The Pope, thus aimed at, as an object of destruction from all quarters—and seeing almost in every nation in Europe, a nursery of prophets foretelling his ruin, and animating the candidates for sanctity to undertake the pious task—began to tremble, not only for his territories, but moreover for his personal safety. He knew that the imaginations of his Italian subjects, were naturally warm, and that, if but one of them caught the prophetic flame, the stileto would soon be darted into Antichrist. He found imperial laws already enacted, and as he was a temporal prince, whose person was more exposed than any highwayman in Europe, he copied those laws into his directory; and erected the Inquisition as a barrier between himself and the formidable foes who not only foretold his downfall, but encouraged their followers to fulfil the prediction.

The impartial reader, in tracing this formidable tribunal, will discover a political establishment, and a temporal safeguard. None can infer from its institution, that it is lawful, by the principles of religion, to deprive a man of his life, precisely on account of his worship: and every one must acknowledge, that, if ever a prince, whose life and territories were in danger, was authorised to take the severest precautions to secure both, no mortal could plead for greater indulgence in having recourse to rigorous measures than one who united in his person the dignity of a prince, which at that time was both an object of envy and detestation to people who considered sovereignty as subversive of Christian liberty, and the character of a sovereign pontiff, which made him pass for an outlaw, and the great enemy of Christ, in whose destruction the world was so deeply concerned. Let any person put himself in his case, and judge for himself.

It is then, to those authors who disgraced themselves, and exposed the oracles of the Christian religion, to the derision of infidels, with their fanatical calculations, their beasts, horns, and strained allegories of seven hills—it is to the rage of people who could not take

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\*Mr. O'Leary is not always accurate in his authorities; of which the above is a striking proof. Brightman's Exposition on the Apocalypse was not published till the century after.



more effectual steps to get him stabbed in his church or his palace—and to the terrors of a man who thought himself justifiable in providing for his personal safety—that the world is indebted for the Inquisition in Rome. Its fires are daily extinguishing in proportion as prophecy is diminishing; and the liberality of a ruined age, discovers no horns on the head of a Ganganelli, or Benedict the Fourteenth, who united in their persons the grandeur of Kings, the discretion of bishops, the elegance of courtiers, and the learning of philosophers. The two last prophets I have read, who have brought the Pope's destruction nearer our own times, are Whiston and Boroughs\*. The first foretold that the Pope's destruction would happen in seventeen hundred and twenty-four. And the second, finding Mr. Whiston's prophecy contradicted by time, began himself to prophecy that this great event was to happen in seventeen hundred and sixty. Yet, since those two prophets "have been gathered unto their fathers," the air of Rome has not been embalmed with the effluvia of the smoking blood of a Jew: and in Spain and Portugal, we hear no longer of human victims being offered up as "a sacrifice of agreeable odour to the Lord." In those two kingdoms, the Inquisition owes its origin to causes much similar to those which gave it rise at Rome, but causes, however, which did not so immediately affect the sovereign, who was blended with the common mass of monarchs, without any peculiar distinction to expose him to the hatred of mankind; or to afford his assassin a plea of impunity, by alledging that he was the deliverer of the world, by ridding it of the enemy of the Son of God; described in the prophecies of Daniel, pointed out in the Revelations, and whose downfall was foretold, at such a time, by the most celebrated interpreters of Scripture. The Spaniards, struggling for a long time with Mahomet's followers, who had invaded their country, and reduced them, not only to the most abject slavery, but moreover forced them to supply the fire of their lusts with continual fuel, by sending an annual tribute of Christian virgins to their seraglio, made at last that great effort so memorable in history. It is well known that before

the final defeat of the Moors, and their total expulsion from the Spanish dominions, they were preparing under hand, for war, and had their leaders already chosen. Banished for ever from a kingdom where they had trampled on the laws which all Christians, and even heathen fathers deem most sacred, a barrier in their return was erected: and, as by their own laws, every Christian who has any connection with a Mahometan woman is to pass through the fire, the tables were turned on themselves, and the expectants of an earthly paradise were threatened with the fagot, if they returned to initiate the children of Christians in their mysteries.

The most effectual way to remove prejudices, is—to put one's self in other people's situation. And if the establishment of the Inquisition seems severe and unreasonable, it must be acknowledged, that the love of life, and the abhorrence of oppression, are passions that very often overpower reason itself. No man would choose to be considered as an outlaw, on whose head a price was set, and to whose destruction thousands were animated, under the sanction of Scripture. Neither is it in the nature of Christian Kings, who often destroy their own relations, when they suspect them, for aspiring to their thrones, to suffer the sworn enemies of the Gospel, and the corruptors of the morals it enforces, in the possession of their provinces and palaces, when they can recover what they deem their right. It was, then, dread of danger, and love of liberty, a deep sense of injuries, and a provisional caution against death and oppression, not a principle of religion, that gave rise to the Inquisition in Rome, Spain, and Portugal. It is not from the church it can derive any power, and if it has any other motive in view than to secure the peace of society by temporal means, it exceeds the limits of its authority. For error in faith is not a crime, but relatively to a supernatural order, which does not come within the verge of civil jurisdiction; and *the last resource of the church is only a canonical censure*. Those censures she never denounces, but against her own rebel children, reared up in her bosom, and with regard even to those, she is bound to use the greatest precaution.

T O

\* Mr. O'Leary we presume never read the predictions of a later prophet, viz. Thomas surnamed Reader.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

A Constant reader of the London Magazine begs leave to differ in sentiment from some of your other correspondents who have advised you to curtail the political part of it. Now, Sir, in my opinion, that part affords a palatable food to the minds of many of your readers, whose retired situation secludes them from public conversation. It is my fate to be an old man, and my lot to be buried in a small village, and as we are by nature formed for society, so when age or other infirmities forbid us that enjoyment in person, it is pleasing to the imagination to indulge our sentiments of the opinions of others, with respect to the political welfare of our country.—I perceive a variety of opinions concerning the peace, one calls it a good one, all things considered; another, totally condemns it. Such discordant sentiments in our senators are not likely to promote a coalition of parties, which, if not more united, will operate like two men sawing a piece of timber in a *pit*, The one in, the other out; alternately changing places, yet still carrying on the work of division.

Now, Sir, had I the pen of a *Junius*, I think I could demonstrate that such a peace as *all*, should approve, would not be so eligible to Great Britain, because it would not be of long continuance.—In all conventions, particularly in such an one (to use the lawyers phrase) we may call *quintatite*, to obtain such terms as would reconcile the opposite interests and divided opinions of this country, would have a contrary effect on other nations and states.—Some party will always be dissatisfied, and dissatisfaction will create divisions and dissensions, which, whether on this or on that side of the *ocean*, the same cause would have the same effect, the latent embers would be blown into a flame; *Erebus* would again raise his infernal head, and should we heat our balls in his furnace, they might not be so successful as were the hot balls of *Gibraltar*, for want of golden engines to convey them. If the peace is more pleasing to other states, they will be less likely to infringe it, consequently, it will be more

in our power to make it lasting; and if the *Vox Populi*, called upon the state to make it, it certainly must be our interest to secure it as long as we can. By this means, the wise plan of public oeconomy will meet with no interruption, and time, which matures an acorn to an oak, will encrease a small saving to a sum, sufficient to reduce the publick debt to its proper degree of gravity. In my travels through life, I have observed, that youth, commonly speak from the heart, and the reason Mr. Pitt gives for being satisfied with the peace, carries conviction with it, as proceeding from the heart. Let those who would grasp at more, remember, that a nation may be impoverished by its abundance. As it is, our manufacturers will supply by industry what is wanting in possessions, and our merchants will find ports open in every part of the globe.

And now, with respect to *Tobago*. I will contrast the produce of that island (cotton) with wool, the produce of our own. It may be supposed we are in possession of some other islands in the same latitude, which produce *cotton*, although not, perhaps, so much in quantity, yet sufficient to supply our home consumption; and if it be true that the *French* can undersell us in foreign markets twenty per cent. in those articles, the principal value of which, consists in labour (as in silks) so it may be presumed they will have the advantage of us in manufactured cotton. If so, to attempt a foreign trade in that article, were like planing a plank against the grain. I do not pretend to know what quantity of cotton goods are exported from Great-Britain, nor to what parts, but I know that the disadvantage under such circumstances must be very great; and this I know, that every servant girl, has her *cotton* gowns, and her *cotton* stockings, whilst honest grograms, tammeyes, lindsey woolseys, and many other articles of wool, which would be much more becoming their stations, lie to mildew in our mercers shops, are seldom enquired for but by paupers and parish officers.

Wool is the staple commodity of our country—on bags of which I am told  
the



the *peers* of our realm fit, to remind them that it is so.—*Cotton* is an article of luxury, let us, however, import from our own islands the *cotton* they produce, and either prohibit, or lay an heavy tax on the imports of all other. If the price be enhanced, so much the better, the public will be benefitted by it, and an article of luxury in our common people, in exchange for one of frugality, by a dress much more becoming their stations, although even by a kind of compulsion, would be attended with much good, both to themselves and to the publick.—The manufactory of cotton would not quite stagnate, because the demands from the rich and great would encrease in proportion as it shall be scarce and dear. And this will make a proper distinction between different ranks and degrees.—In short the plain question seems to be—whether it is more advantageous to this nation, to introduce foreign materials (which, when wrought, the French can so much undersell us in foreign markets) to manufacture in this kingdom, or promote the greater home consumption of wool, the produce of our own country?—If the latter should take place, the value of wool would encrease so much as to benefit the land owner and the farmer.—A due medium might be kept in the price by the power of parliament to add to, or diminish the tax on cotton.—The extra consumption of wool in this kingdom would amply repay the manufacturer for the difference in price, and the foreign trade in that article would suffer no decrease.

It may here be objected, that as many of our manufacturers will probably emigrate to America, and that in so extensive a country as includes all climates, that wool may be produced for all uses, and that they will be more likely to supplant us at foreign markets in the article of cloth, &c. than purchase them of us. To this I answer, that a long fixed manufactory is not so easily transplanted from one place or country to another, as some persons may imagine. For example—an attempt was made, some years ago by the merchants at Glasgow, to establish a manufactory of stockings there.—They sent agents to Nottingham to purchase a large number of frames, these arrived safe at Glasgow, but the attempt so failed, LOND. MAG. March, 1783.

that in two or three years they were exposed to public sale, and the Nottingham frame smiths and hosiers went to Glasgow, and repurchased the said frames at a very low price. And in America many difficulties would arise, and many questions be debated, before such an attempt was made, and much time be required for the execution of it. They would consider that every article we used to bring from North America (furs excepted which I call an article of luxury) in exchange for our manufactures, we could procure from Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, and that we are still in possession of Jamaica and many of the Leeward Islands, besides the large extent of Nova Scotia, and that they might suffer more from the want of a mutual intercourse and exchange of our different produce, than gain by the advantage of interfering with us in our most essential trade, and stop the channel of a trade that would be of mutual benefit to both countries. Be this as it will, it were wisdom to encrease our home consumption of wool, at all events. If I may be allowed to deviate a little from my general plan, I would observe that the cloth manufacture is differently conducted in Yorkshire and in the west of England. In the former the manufacturer brings his cloths both white and coloured, to the Leeds market every week (here I mean chiefly broad cloths) undressed. The merchant supplies his foreign commissions at that market, sends the cloths to his dresser, examines them by a sky light, packs them in large bales wrapped in baize, and exports them to his correspondents, and receives in return bills of exchange. The yard wises are more confined to an home trade, and serve as a cheap covering for men, and the consumption of them is very great in our own country. Why then may not our wool be converted into a cheap clothing, for women who exceed in number, although even by a kind of compulsory method, as I believe that luxury in the dress of our female servants, and the daughters of farmers, and many others, in inferior stations, who think that a well chost cotton gown shall entitle them to the appellation of young ladies, is highly prejudicial both to the land owner, the farmer, and the public.

With respect to the West Country cloths,

cloths, the maker and the clothier are synonymous terms. He makes a quantity at his own risque, and his markets are Blackwell Hall.—The London woolen drapers and a few merchants, whose return for them is in some foreign produce, or if to America, very frequently in ships built in that country. The clothier can have but few foreign correspondents, because he can only supply such a particular kind of cloth, as each clothier makes. His chief dependence is then on home trade and consumption, and which is so considerable as to enrich the clothier, and em-

ploy great numbers under him; although, the consumption is chiefly confined to men's wear. Now, as this depends upon numbers, and as it may be supposed there are more women than men, so if their common dress was woolen instead of cotton, this would not only encrease the price of our wool, but would employ great numbers of our poor in villages, who cannot spin cotton. And if the revenue should suffer by a less quantity imported, a small general tax (suppose it was called the Farmers Tax) would make good the deficiency.

P. CURE.

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

PERMIT me through the channel of your impartial and entertaining miscellany, to vindicate the characters of the young persons of fashion of both sexes.—By their *own Journal* I will fully prove, that the assertion of their being *idle* is a false and malicious charge; as for example—

*Journal of a modern man of fashion!*

(*Eleven in the morning.*)—Awoke curfedly sick of my last night's debauch. Called for my chocolate—and my boots—ordered my saddle horses and my phaëton.—(*Half after eleven*)—My curfed steward came to bore me with his damn'd accounts:—a sad scoundrel!—Refuses to lend me *my own money* at thirty per cent.—(*Three quarters after eleven.*)—kicked him down stairs for his impertinence!—(*Twelve o'clock.*)—Sent for *Moses Menaffes*:—(*Mem.*) he could not come last night; as he was at a meeting of patriots at Mr. Reynard's!—Promised to ride up and down St. James's-street at *one*.—Curfedly afraid I should not be ready.—Colonel Yankee to accompany me.—(*Quarter past twelve.*)—Sent my saddle horses to *parade* before *The Perdita's* door.—(*Mem.*) to provoke the colonel!—(*Half past twelve.*)—Got on horseback, and rode down St. James's-street.—(*Three quarters after twelve.*) Rode up St. James's-street in *my phaëton*.—(*One o'clock.*)—Rode down St. James's-street in *my phaëton*.—(*Quarter past one.*) Rode up St. James's-street on horseback.—(*Half past one.*)—Called in at *Betty's* and blackguarded a little,—

(*Mem.*) *Betty* is in the opposition.—

(*Three quarters after one.*)—Went to Mr. F—x to offer him my vote on the next grand question—(*Mem.*) he would not promise me a place.—(*Two o'clock.*)

—Went to Berkley Square—(*Mem.*)

His lordship was busy studying religion with Dr. Priesley—Never to be disturbed in his devotions!—(*Quarter past two*) Rode down St. James's-street again (on horseback.)—Went into *Weltjie's*—eat *twelve jellies*.—(*Mem.*)

They did not see me, and I ordered them to charge me for *six*.—Damned good oeconomy!—Stayed in the shop curling and swearing until half past four.—Went home to dress.—(*Mem.*)

I must lay on double the quantity of rouge!—(*Five o'clock.*) Gave audience to the Opera people—Ordered them to leave tickets for their benefits—(*Mem.*)

Do not intend to pay them—true patriotism never encourages foreigners!—(*Half past five.*)—Went out to dinner.—(*Mem.*) *The rammekins* excellently dressed!—a vile *perigou pye*!—

(From *half past six* to *nine o'clock*) talked nonsense to the women, and spilt the coffee on *Lady Lovepuppy's* French dog!—(*Mem.*) her ladyship has forbid me her house!—(happy release!)—

Attending dowagers a damn'd bore!—have not time!—(*Ten o'clock.*)—Went to the Opera—*Le Picq* is divine—better than *the Vestris*.—Went into the coffee room—stood on one leg, and twirled *Lady Timwisky* quite round!—

—A fellow like a citizen laughed confoundedly—vulgar dog!—

(*Half*



(*Half past ten.*)—Coquetted with the *Morigi*: her cold has lasted a damn'd long time!—Great taste, however.—(*Eleven o'clock.*)—Sneak'd away for fear I should be obliged to dowager the women to their chairs—(*Mem.*) One runs a great risk of taking cold.—Was asked to subscribe to the Tuesday's balls—very improper. *Giardini* and the ——— sang b——y catches.—would not be seen in *such* company!—(*Mem.*) Mrs. ——— *encor'd* one. Well, the impudence of *some* people!—(*Twelve o'clock.*)—Went to *Brookes's*, lost 1000 pounds!—Mr. *Reynard* sent to me to come down to the House to vote for him—(*Mem.*) Yes:—if he will *reimburse* me!—(*One in the morning.*)—Eat a sandwich, and went to the House—stay'd till eight in the morning!—Horrid bore—as the man says in the play—"Curse my country, and curse my constitution!"—Voted as I was ordered, and returned home to bed at *nine* damnably fatigued!—

Does not the charge of idleness die away?—Surely!—If we were all as industrious and played our parts as well, we might say with the Latin Dramatist, *Vos valet et Plaudite!*

*Journal of a modern fine lady.*

(*Two in the afternoon.*)—STARTED out of my sleep as I was dreaming my husband had intercepted a letter of the captain's.—(*Quarter past two.*)—Ordered my breakfast—Enquired of *Comb-brush* if the filthy millener, and odious silk-mercator attended—answered yes.—(*Half past two.*)—Ordered *John* to send them away—cannot pay them yet.—(*Three quarters past two.*)—Breakfasted.—(*Three o'clock.*)—Went out to pay a few morning visits.—(*Half past three.*)—Saw the captain in St. James's-street.—(*Forty minutes past three.*)—Called him to my coach window.—(*Three quarters past three.*)—Took him in my coach.—(*Four o'clock.*)—Pulled down the blinds, and ordered the carriage home.—(*Quarter past four.*)—Got home to dress—sent the captain home on foot.—He belongs to a *marching* regiment, consequently accustomed to *walk*.—(*Three quarters past four.*)—Began to dress—fretted myself quite a figure—(*Mem.*) *Artois* powder very bewitching.—

(*Five o'clock.*)—In great hurry to dress, as we dine *early* every Opera night.—(*Mem.*) I must have dinner at a *Bourgeois* hour; to get soon enough to see *the Siddons*!—(*Half past five.*)—Dinner waiting—my lord impatient. Made a shift to huddle on my things by *six*!—(*Mem.*) I do not dislike a little bustle, it gives a *brilliant* to my eyes. (From *six* to *seven.*)—Sat down to table with old aunts and country cousins.—Horrid bore! The captain promised to dine with us.—(*Quarter past seven.*)—The captain came to escort me to the Opera. (*Half past seven.*)—Stept into my coach.—(*Eight o'clock.*)—Got into my box—(*Mem.*) I'll have it lined with fatten like the *Perdita's*!—(From *eight* till *ten.*)—Talked so loud that the *vulgars* in the *second* gallery hiss'd!—(*Mem.*) I will advise *Taylor* to *annihilate* the nuisance!—(*Ten o'clock.*)—Applauded *Le Picq* and the *Rossi*.—(*Mem.*) *Picq* has more grace than all the world!—*Les Epouses Persannes* is a grand dance!—(*Mem.*) The captain says he prefers *Il Ratto delle Sabine*; he laughed, and looked wicked.—(*Mem.*) What could he mean?—(*Half past ten.*) Went into the coffee-room—(*Mem.*) The *major* is too much *roug'd*! Long to tell him of it. (*Three quarters past ten.*)—Flirted with the prince.—(*Mem.*) All the women *envied* me.—(*Eleven o'clock.*)—The captain handed me to my coach—Went to the great route in Pall Mall—(*Mem.*) I jostled accidentally against the P——; and the captain looked very angry—What right has *he* to be displeased?—(*Half past eleven.*)—Lost five hundred pounds at *Loo*; the captain shrewdly observed, that if I continued *that* game I might *lose* much more.—(*Mem.*) The captain is a dear agreeable toad.—(*Twelve o'clock.*)—Ordered my carriage to pay a few drop visits.—(*Quarter past twelve.*)—Drove against a post, and overturned—(*Mem.*) The captain was with me. How lucky!—(*Half past twelve.*)—So frightened, that I returned home and ordered an *early* supper at *one*—(*Mem.*) I will always keep *early* hours for the future.—(*One o'clock.*)—Supper on table—The *Misses Clackady*, *Lady Bell Blubber*, and the captain, of the party. My lord looked sullen, and spake not. The captain said a number of excellent things.—(*Half past one.*) *Lady B. Blubber* asked leave to faint.—

(*Mem.*) Her feelings are so great (as she says) That the *idea of the Siddons* throws her into hysterics. — (Two o'clock.) The assembly broke up in great disorder! — (Half past two) I bid the captain good night; and retired to my room so fatigued, that I could not finish my journal!

Mr. Editor, I think I have completely proved that our *modern* great people, are industrious in the extreme; consequently the charge of idleness dies away, and I subscribe myself,

Your's, &c.

AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

## THE HISTORY OF THE PRESENT SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

(Continued from our last Magazine, page 79.)

THE Lords were no less sensible of the singular merit of General Elliott and of the importance and glory of the defence he made at Gibraltar than the Commons; though the higher House did not rebound with such loud and reiterated acclamations as accompanied the vote of thanks in the lower. Lord Grantham made motions on the 13th day of December, similar to those which were made in the House of Commons the preceding day by General Conway; and they passed without any opposition. Before the motion, however, was brought forward in a regular form, a conversation not strictly in order was for a considerable time carried on, which had all the air and spirit of a most serious debate; though no motion was before the House. It was introduced by Lord Fitzwilliam immediately as Lord Shelburne was seated, and showed strongly the disposition of the Rockingham party to thwart and perplex the premier by urging enquiries which could not be complied with, or entrapping him by answers that would be premature or unguarded and inconsistent. But he was not so easily to be ensnared by artifice; nor so timid as to be dared into compliances, that he knew to be unprecedented and unwarrantable. He was guarded equally by his sagacity and fortitude. I will briefly state the subject of this day's conversation. It was publicly given out that ministers had held contradictory language respecting the *provisional treaty* with America. Mr. Secretary Townshend in the lower House had declared, in the most direct and absolute terms, that the treaty in question had actually confirmed the independence of the colonies: that these colonies were *now* the FREE

AND UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. This idea was sanctioned by the King's speech: and received the most explicit confirmation from the secretary's letter to the Lord-Mayor. Yet a cloud still enveloped this matter: for the declarations of Lord Shelburne were so equivocal, that it was a doubt with many, whether the Independence of America was eventually to be ratified or not. If it depended on the issue of the negotiation with France and Spain, it might after all be frustrated, and things would proceed in the old track. This was urged very strongly by Lord Fitzwilliam, and he called upon Lord Shelburne to be explicit on the subject, and inform their lordships, whether there was any ground for the suspicion that was gone abroad, and which so materially affected the credit of administration, by leaving in doubt what ought to be made unequivocally certain. The question to be answered was this— "Is the provisional treaty so dependent on the negotiation with France and Spain, as to become null and void in case that negotiation should not succeed; or is the independence of America conclusively, and at all events secured by it; and did the moment that it was signed by our commissioner irrevocably ratify and confirm it?" — Lord Shelburne did not hesitate a moment to declare that he WOULD NOT answer it. It was a question so unprecedented, that no example could be pleaded for it: and it was so wrong in its own nature, and so pernicious in its tendency, that no argument could be produced to give it any countenance, or even any colour of propriety. So determined was his lordship to maintain an inviolable secrecy in a matter where his oath and his loyalty, as well



as the interest of his country, were so deeply engaged to preserve it, that he declared, that if the whole weight of the House was added to strengthen the proposal of Lord Fitzwilliam it would be without effect; for where there was no authority to command, he would not be compelled to obey. He argued on the ground of royal prerogative: defended it very strongly in the case of making war or peace. It was a part of the constitution, and as such ought not to be interfered with, lest the balance of the state should be injured. At a proper time he would, without fear or hesitation, submit the treaty to the inspection of the House, and rely on its judgement and candour for the integrity of his conduct. Such, however, as it was, it had been ratified and could not be revoked.

Lord Derby and Lord Townshend did not consider Lord Fitzwilliam's question in the light in which it was viewed by the premier. They thought it reasonable and even necessary, but their arguments had no weight with his lordship. He could not be moved from his resolution: in which he was very ably supported by the *Duke of Richmond*, who thought the question highly improper, and the ground on which it was proposed very unfair. He bore his testimony to the merit and integrity of the minister; and treated the reflections which had been thrown out against him in the Lower House, as the effect of party spleen, ignorance, or envy. He knew them to be false; and their lordships would soon know it too. He spoke with firmness, for he spoke from conviction, and that conviction was founded on evidence too strong for the attacks of malice, or the insinuations of craft, to overthrow. He had gone hand in hand with Lord Shelburne: and was confident because experience, had made him certain. The *Duke of Cbandos* and the *Duke of Manchester*, supported Lord Shelburne in his resolution not to answer the question till the production of the treaty itself at the period, when it would be proper to lay the whole of it before the House.

I shall now present the reader with a slight sketch of the material objects of debate in the House of Commons, until the recess on December 23d.

On the 13th and 14th, more matters

of common business were brought forward—such as the vote of Supplies for the current year, by the usual course of *Ways and Means*, which occasioned no debate. On the 16th Lord *Mabon* moved for leave to bring in two bills; one to prevent bribery at elections; and the other to lessen expences to members of counties, by rendering it more convenient for freeholders to give their vote. The motion received the approbation of the House, and the bills were ordered to be prepared. After this, the *Lord Advocate of Scotland*, rose to state to the House the progress he had made in the East-India business, particularly with respect to the bill against Rumbold and Perring. He observed that it continued in its original state, and would be pursued with equal assiduity and impartiality. At the same time he complained of the conduct of the proprietors of the company, and represented it as highly insulting to the honour of Parliament. That House had voted for the recal of Mr. Hastings from his government of Bengal: the Directors had also passed a similar resolution: but yet in direct defiance of the Parliament, as well as in opposition of the vote of the Directors, the Proprietors had passed a resolution to continue Mr. Hastings in his government; and thus the order of the Direction, as well as the decision of the House was rescinded; or at least so suspended as to wait their pleasure. Feeling, as he professed, for the honour of the House, he called on the members to shew their spirit on the occasion; and for this purpose moved, that all letters that passed between the Directors and his Majesty's ministers should be produced, that the House might be furnished with proper information on a business of such moment; and in order that the information might be still more minute and extensive, he further moved, that all copies of the proceedings both of the Directors and of the Proprietors, relative to the recal of Mr. Hastings, should be laid before the House. Mr. *Secretary Townshend* seconded the motion, but *Governor Johnstone* opposed it on the supposition that the Proprietors knew their own business better than the House, and that it would be highly imprudent to recal Mr. Hastings at so critical a period. His services had been meritorious, and deserved a different

ferent recompense. If, however, the learned lord was determined to pursue the business, he wished to know the mode. He was answered, that it would be by a bill. *Mr. Thomas Pitt*, justified the proprietors on nearly the same ground with Governor *Johnstone*: but *Mr. Burke* censured it in very severe terms, and highly applauded the conduct of the Lord Advocate, through every step of the enquiry. He recommended moderation as well as the other gentlemen: but not a moderation that should degenerate into lukewarmness. The cruel treatment of the natives in India called loudly for redress: and that House would be wanting in its duty to the common rights of nature, if it was indifferent to the call. There were delinquents who shrunk from trial: but if they would not come to trial they should be dragged to it. This may tend to wipe away our reproach in the East. If governors will be cruel or treacherous, let us at least convince the natives that they are not so with the concurrence of the British Parliament. If past evils cannot be rectified, let us provide against the future. This will restore the credit of England, and bring back the confidence of India.—*General Smith* also arraigned the conduct of the Proprietors. It was rash, arbitrary, unprecedented. Their public debates were also irregular, tumultuous, and confused: nor did they want private intrigues, deeply founded and artfully conducted in order to annul the recall of *Mr. Hastings*.—The motion was agreed to.

The next object to which the attention of the House was directed, related to the distresses of the poor of the metropolis, arising from the high price of corn. The Lord-Mayor moved, that the act of the twenty-first of the present reign, which restricted the importation of grain, should be repealed. *Mr. Haffey* seconded the motion; but the Lord Advocate opposed it, because it would materially affect the interest of the farmer; and consequently in the issue the landed property would be affected by it also. The corn laws had received the sanction of long experience. It would be dangerous to intermeddle with them. He advised the Lord-Mayor to withdraw his motion; recommending, instead of a repeal, such a revision of the act in question as

might produce a temporary relief in the present exigency, without affecting its general and more substantial principle. *Mr. Sibthorpe* and *Sir Edward Ashley* thought the repeal moved for would be attended with equal detriment to tenants and landlords; and considered the original act as founded on justice and policy. But *Sir John Wrottesley* and *Mr. Dempster* supported the motion on the ground of common humanity:—the claims of which they considered as superior to every consideration that policy could suggest. After some further debate on the same principle, the motion was modified by *Mr. T. Ord*, and the committee unanimously agreed, that all sorts of grain should be permitted to be imported on a low duty, for a limited time.

The attention of the House on the 17th and 18th was chiefly occupied by two motions. The first from *Lord Mulgrave*, for a vote of thanks to *Sir Edward Hughes*, for the important services performed in India by the squadron under his command on the 17th of February, and the 12th of April, 1782. His lordship expressed the highest opinion of *Commodore King*, but he thought it no disrespect, at least he meant none, to omit his name in the motion which he made, because he was persuaded that the name of the commander in chief ought only to be mentioned on such an occasion: nevertheless if any gentleman should think differently, and should propose a vote of thanks to the *Commodore*, he would in that case give it his support. *Governor Johnstone* thought the actions of the 17th of February, and the 12th of April, though splendid, yet not the most meritorious of the Admiral's conduct. His breaking the power of the Carnatic, and his successful attacks on the Dutch Forts were of too essential service not to be commemorated. *Lord Mulgrave* did not deny the Admiral merit in these respects, and in many others, since he commanded in India. But the periods he referred to were the most notable, and on that account he confined his motion to them. It was carried unanimously; as was also a vote of thanks to *Commodore King*, and another to *Sir Eyre Coote*; the former at the motion of *Lord Newbaven*, and the latter, of *Mr. Pennington*. When this matter was concluded *Mr.*

*Townshend*,

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*Townshend*, the Secretary of State, observed that for the future, he hoped the House would recur to the old mode of voting thanks to none but the commanders in chief. They were the great responsible actors: and it would be making the thanks of the House too cheap, to divide and subdivide them, as had of late been the case, among officers in subordinate command. If matters of this sort were encouraged, there would be no knowing where to draw the line. One would think himself neglected and overlooked; another would feel his pride wounded; and thus envy and jealousy would prevail, and what the House meant as a reward, would operate as an evil.

The succeeding day *Mr. Fox* made his motion respecting the provisional articles in the treaty of peace. He pursued the same ground of argument that I took notice of in the conversation in the Upper House between Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Shelburne. He pursued it indeed with more spirit and vivacity: and rallied, with the most sarcastic wit, the scruples of the minister respecting his oath as privy counsellor. Doubtless he was disposed to be lenient to him on the score of a tender conscience! But still he would press his motion, and that was, that an humble address be presented to his Majesty that he would be graciously pleased that there be laid before the House copies of such parts of the provisional treaty with America, as relate to the recognition of the Independence of America. The professed object of this motion was to know whether the treaty had so confirmed it, that it would survive the negotiation with France and Spain, notwithstanding by any unfortunate derangement that negotiation should not end in peace.

The motion was seconded by Lord *John Cavendish*; but *Mr. T. Pitt*, with a view to get rid of it, moved the order of the day. He supported ministers in their refusal to gratify a dangerous curiosity. He wished they had never entered into explanations at all: but had left the treaty to speak for itself at the proper season, when the production of it would be safe and proper. He hoped the treaty had not irrevocably confirmed the independence of the colonies. He thought the claims of this country should only cease with the cessation of

hostilities. If America hath independence granted, he contended that it should only be granted as the price of peace. Lord *Maitland* supported the motion, but it was opposed by Lord *Nugent* and *Mr. Cocks*, on the ground of impropriety. While a negotiation was pending, it was hazardous and unprecedented to reveal the contents of it. Lord *North* also defended the silence of ministers, at the same time that he threw out some sarcasms, in his own way, on what he imagined to be their plan of proceeding. He considered the treaty as not absolute. Its being called *provisional* shewed clearly that it was only to take place in consequence of certain stipulations to be previously fulfilled. He hoped those would be honourable and advantageous to this country: if not, ministers must answer for it. *Mr. Chancellor Pitt* preserved—and he declared he *would*—a profound silence. *Mr. Burke* warned him not to trust to such slippery ground. It would not avail him hereafter. The arguments employed by the speakers were much of the same general complexion; and most of them turned upon *expedience* and *non-expedience*. They were something varied in form; but the substance was nearly the same. *Mr. Fox's* motion was negatived by a majority of 173.

#### I R E L A N D.

*The Hon. Col. Fitzpatrick* regretted, that he had not been present when a noble lord (Lord Beauchamp) had given notice, that he should bring two propositions before the House, after the recess, relative to Ireland. The one for the purpose of obtaining a parliamentary declaration of the constitutional rights of that kingdom; the other for the purpose of promoting an inquiry into a decision upon a writ of error brought from Ireland, into the Court of King's Bench here, subsequent to the repeal of Stat. 6. Geo. I.

He knew the sentiments of the Irish on these two points; the latter had raised fresh jealousies, had roused the most cool and moderate, and those who had heretofore been fully satisfied, called aloud for a legislative declaration on the part of Great-Britain, to secure their rights and liberties from future innovation. The jurisdiction assumed by the Court of King's Bench in England, he thought the more extraordinary,

nary, as a recent act of the legislature of Ireland had confined all matters of appeal to that country. Knowing then the situation of Ireland, and fearing the increase of doubts and jealousies of the people in that country, which might shake the connexions of government here with the connections of government there; he now called upon ministers to say something satisfactory, to appease the minds of the Irish, before the noble Lord's propositions were brought forward. On the force and operation of the statute, which declared the declaratory law, that repealed the 6th of Geo. I. he wished to hear the opinion of the Attorney General.

*Mr. T. Townshend* said, he had made very minute enquiry into the business of the appeal, and from what he understood, the Court of King's Bench could not avoid taking cognizance of the suit when it was once brought before them. Government, he said, had every inclination to establish the most perfect union between Great-Britain and Ireland.

*Mr. Attorney General* said, that when a writ of error was taken out here, and came back with a return upon it from Ireland, as the return admitted the jurisdiction of the court, the court were to take cognizance. He exculpated the Lord Chief Justice, by declaring him to be a man, who, in the course of twenty-five years, had never done an injury in his office on a publick or private question. The court had acted, he said, from the precedent of ages. As to the force of the repeal, he begged to be excused from entering into it now, but declared he would give his opinion upon it openly, whenever the question came before the House.

*Mr. Fitzpatrick* declared he had no idea of imputing blame to the Chief Justice, but said he understood there were more writs of error from Ireland depending in this court.

*Mr. Secretary Townshend* assured the House there were not; but that he understood there were some undetermined Irish appeals before the Lords.

*General Conway* said government were ready to accede to any bill, to confirm conciliation; their intent being to give Ireland her right, they could have no objection to confirm them.

*Mr. Fox* declared, that the intention of government in repealing the 6th of Geo. I. was to give ample and full

jurisdiction to that country, with a full possession of every judicial and legislative right, independent of the controul of this country. It was a full renunciation, and at that time they did not ask a declaratory law from Great-Britain; and, as it appeared, for this reason, because they insisted that their rights had always existed.

*Mr. Pitt* said, that government intended to give every satisfaction.

#### REPRESENTATION.

*Mr. Pitt* gave notice that he would, soon after the recess, move for equalizing the representation, and hoped that members would come prepared with the will of their constituents, as the sense of the people abroad should always have weight in that House.

#### O E C O N O M Y.

*Mr. Burke* moved for leave to bring in a bill for the sale of forest lands, &c. now in possession of the crown.

Also for a bill to abolish the principality of Wales and Duchy of Lancaster.

Granted accordingly; and *Mr. Burke*, *Lord John Cavendish*, *Mr. Secretary Townshend*, and *Mr. Gilbert*, were ordered to bring them in.

#### A M E R I C A.

*Mr. David Hartley* now arose to make his following promised motion.

"That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, stating, that his faithful Commons think it their indispensable duty, not only to return their grateful thanks to his Majesty for having adopted the sense of his parliament and people, in having pointed all his views and measures, as well in Europe as North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the provinces of North America; but likewise to express to his Majesty, that whatever may be the result of the general negotiation for peace now depending, that our conciliatory sentiments towards America, remain unaltered, as presented in their humble and dutiful address to his Majesty on that subject, during the last session of parliament; and therefore that this House will consider as enemies to his Majesty and his country, all those who shall endeavour to frustrate such beneficent dispositions of his Majesty, by advising, or by any means attempting the further prosecution of war on the continent of America."

The few members who attended, he observed,



observed, was not casual; but gentlemen did not wish to oppose a motion which they had before supported.

Col. Hartley seconded the motion.

Mr. Secretary Townshend moved an adjournment.

Mr. Dolben entered into a long argument to shew the inexpediency of giving America independence.

Mr. Smith said, he must oppose any motion that would impede negociation, while he had confidence in ministers.

Mr. Burke argued, that this was a time when it was necessary to know the principles and characters of men.

Mr. Martin said, he must divide for the motion, but would support ministers when he thought them right.

Mr. Dempster was against saying any thing on America, while the treaty was depending.

Commodore Johnstone was for seeing the treaty, insisting that the statute of the last session did not give a right to declare America independent.

Mr. Fox said, that when he had written to Sir Guy Carleton the statute had not passed; he did it for the public good, and he held himself ostensible.

The question of adjournment being put, there appeared

Ayes	—	51
Noes	—	13
		—
Majority		38

## An Impartial Review of New Publications.

### ARTICLE XIV.

*A Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. By Richard, Lord Bishop of Llandaff.*—2s. Evans.

SINCE the days of honest Gilbert Burnet, of truly pious and primitive memory, we do not remember to have seen any thing originate with the bench of Bishops that did it so much honour as this most catholic and apostolical letter. The object which Dr. Watson contends for, or rather recommends, is two-fold, as it respects both the bishops and inferior clergy.

I. He wishes to render the bishopricks more equal to each other, both with respect to income and patronage, by annexing part of the estates and part of the preferments of the richer bishopricks, only as they become vacant, to the poorer.

II. He is for appropriating, as they become vacant, one third, or some other definite part, of the income of every deanery, prebend, or canonry, of the churches of Westminster, Windsor, Christ Church, Canterbury, Worcester, Durham, Norwich, Ely, Peterborough, Carlisle, &c. to the same purposes, *mutatis mutandis*, as the first fruits and tenths were appropriated by the act passed in the fifth of Queen Anne.

To secure these two material ends he urges and recommends the introduction of two separate bills into parliament. And it is not very easy to conceive an objection to the plan which he does not foresee, and is at great pains to answer. His apology for standing forward an advocate for this necessary reform in the distribution of our ecclesiastical revenue is masterly and pointed.

"I know (says his lordship) it is commonly said, that wise and good men look  
LOND. MAG. March 1783.

upon every attempt to reform what is amiss, either in church or state, as a matter of dangerous tendency: but it may be justly doubted, whether there is not as much timidity as wisdom, as much indolence as goodness in this caution; certain I am, that if Luther and the reformers had been men of such dispositions, the Church of Christ would never have been purged in any degree, by them at least, from its Antichristian corruptions. The medical maxim, *Malum bene positum ne moveto*, merits the observance of the physician of the body politic as well as of the body natural.—I readily acknowledge that it does so:—but when the evil, though unobserved, is really rankling in the heart, depraving the noblest parts, and insensibly undermining the whole constitution, it is the business of them both, unless they will be deemed bunglers, to accomplish its removal. 'My son, says Solomon, fear thou the Lord and the King, and meddle not with them who are given to change.' Agreed again: God forbid that either your grace or I should meddle with them who would wish us to change our fear of God into impiety; our reverence for the King and constitution into anarchy and rebellion. But there is neither sin nor shame, I apprehend, in meddling with those who would wish to make such a little change in the church establishment as would, with the blessing of God, produce a great change for the better in the faith and manners of the whole community."

In the same elegant and nervous style of manly reasoning and address, he concludes his letter avowing through the whole those national independent and truly catholic principles which so well become the man,  
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the christian, the scholar, and the bishop. The passage to which we allude will give pleasure to every admirer of that noble simplicity and liberality which distinguish the purest models of ancient and modern composition.

"I much dislike all private caballing in matters of public import; if they will not bear the broad face of day, the animadversion of men of different talents and judgments, the thorough sifting of all parties, they are not fit to be encouraged. It is a narrow policy which would teach us to stickle for any interests which the laity would not willingly allow us; they are our fellow Christians and have souls to be saved, we are their fellow citizens and have rights to be maintained, and we are both of us under equal obligations to be fellow-labourers in promoting the welfare of both church and state: they will have no jealousies if we have no reserves; they will not grudge us a single grain of dignity, a single guinea of property which tends to the advancement of the common weal. The business, thus submitted to the public judgment, cannot be stifled by the efforts of interest or prejudice: nor will it ever be brought forward by its proposer in any other way; unless public approbation shall prove that it is calculated for the public good. I may not, perhaps, be able to give up my opinion to the opinion of others; but I shall be both able and willing, in deference to their opinions, to give up my plan; for my zeal for rectifying what seems wrong, is tempered, I hope, by a respect for the judgments of others; by a disposition (after having proposed openly and freely what seems amiss) to acquiesce quietly in what cannot quietly be amended.

"As to any censure to which I may have exposed myself in becoming, as some will scoffingly phrase it, a reformer; in disturbing, as others will, or will seem to apprehend, the repose of the establishment, I will, as the Apostle recommends, *take it patiently*: it is much easier to bear the reproach of other men's tongues, than of our own minds; and that I could not have escaped, had I done less than I have done, I flatter myself, however, or rather I have good reason to expect, that many of my brethren will see the subject in the same light that I have done, and will concur in recommending it, when the more urgent concerns of the state are in some measure settled, to the notice of parliament. And from the bottom of my heart I beseech both your grace and them, to weigh the matter with great accuracy, and I have no doubt that both you and they will then give judgment concerning it with great sincerity. I have the honour to be,

"With all possible deference and respect,

"Your Grace's most obedient servant,

"R. LANDAFF."

XV. *An History of the Corruptions of Christianity, in two Vols. 8vo. 10s. By Joseph Priestley, LL. D. F. R. S.—* Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard.

THIS is a most elaborate and ingenious compilation, and the Doctor has not a doubt but it may prove the most useful of all his works. There is a class of readers who are always ready to devour whatever falls from the pen of this voluminous writer. To these the work under consideration will be peculiarly acceptable. It will, however, bring the Doctor a great many enemies. And their opposition is perhaps a very desirable object, since the business of reformation, whether in church or state, never succeeds so well as when it creates a noise, or excites speculation. Much has always been said against every species of religious establishments, by dissenters of all denominations. Those in place and power are ever subject to the invidious sarcasm of such as are not. It is just as illiberal for dissenters to be for ever cavilling against the church and churchmen, as for clergymen to stand forth in their own vindication. This, however, it is but fair to say in behalf of the latter, that they may connive with abuses from sinister views, but they are under no temptation to make a tool of religion. The revenue of the church has a fundamental establishment in the English constitution, and her clergy are consequently independent. It is not so with the doctor and his party. Their very existence originates in, and is supported by, the faults of the church. These they are interested in exaggerating as much as possible. But like most reformers their arguments go too far, for while they extend them to all religious establishments whatever, they must suppose society or civil policy to have no dependence at all on religion. And here the whole torrent of history is against them. Religion true or false is uniformly essential to every modification of political government. The compliments which the doctor pays to Mr. Lindsey are also liable to some exceptions. The love of singularity is in many cases a much more forcible principle of action than that of conscience. If Mr. Lindsey is a man of fortune, his relinquishing his ecclesiastical preferments cannot be considered as a sacrifice of any great importance. Though this may not be the case, as we do not know that it is, his mode of teaching Christianity in the metropolis has all the appearance of being a very lucrative one. An ambitious mind must be not a little gratified by the attendance of a very splendid audience. And to the poor at least in Essex street the gospel is not preached. For here, if we are not misinformed, there is not a seat to be hired under one guinea per annum. So that it would seem this method of seceding from the religious establishment of

one's



one's country is neither more nor less than a scheme to make a man popular, who had no other chance of popularity, and to take the people in by accumulating a fortune in consequence of practising on the credulity of his fellow subjects. This observation we only mean as an explanation of the following sentence in the doctor's dedication of his performance to his friend and coadjutor, the Reverend Theophilus Lindsey:—"To your example (he says) of a pure love of truth, and of the most fearless integrity in asserting it, evidenced by the sacrifices you have made to it, I owe much of my own wishes to imbibe the same spirit."—Quacks in carrying on the same plot often find it necessary to be very lavish in the mutual encomiums. Dr. Graham always speaks of the gigantic Goddess of health in terms of the highest rapture, and she never fails to exhibit him in her nocturnal exhibitions as the prince of modern medicine.

XVI. *Coombe Wood, in a Series of Letters. By the Author of Baxford Abbey and the Cottager.* 2 vols. 2s. 6d. Baldwin.

THIS is a very pretty book both in size and substance, in quality and quantity. The story is told with simplicity, and often not a little interesting. This, as well as the famous Cecilia, is the history of an heiress who, like her, also loses her fortune, but recovers it again on her conduct being thoroughly understood. We therefore recommend these two little volumes to the lovers of novels as containing much innocent, irreproachable, and pleasing amusement.

XVII. *Letters Military and Political, from the Italian of Count Algarotti, Knight of the Order of Merit, and Chamberlain to the King of Prussia.*—5s. Egerton.

These masterly letters are presented to the publick in an English dress. No-body doubts their authenticity, and the author is known all over Europe, to have possessed an uncommon genius, a taste highly cultivated, to have occupied a station which gave him the most entire information on all the various subjects which engage his attention. We only wish the translation had been somewhat more elegant, and transfused into our language as many of the original beauties as possible.

XVIII. *A Review of the Polite Arts in France at the Time of their establishment under Lewis the XIVth, compared with their present State in England.* By Valentine Green, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, &c.—2s. 6d. Cadell.

A very scientific performance. The writer gives a kind of history of the fine arts at the time of their acquiring reputation and permanency under the auspices of Lewis the Fourteenth. It is written rather in a flowery style, though not without a considerable share both of strength and elegance.

XIX. *The two Mentors, a Modern Story.* 2 vols. 5s. Dilly.

THIS novel, notwithstanding its quaint title page, will be found on perusal both instructive and entertaining. It shews the influence of good principles early imbibed even under the severest assaults of vice. It gives a very proper and natural termination to a life of lewdness and venality, and it exhibits the knowledge of the world as peculiarly contemptible and uninviting when put in competition with the steady and dispassionate operations of an innocent and a virtuous mind.

XX. *An Estimate of the comparative Strength of Britain, during the present and four preceding Reigns, and of the Losses of her Trade, from every War since the Revolution.* By George Chalmers. To which is added an *Essay on Population*, by the Lord Chief Justice Hale.—5s. sewed, Dilly and Bowen.

THIS is a work of great merit, and is published with much propriety in the present crisis. Commerce, in all its multiform branches, is now a general speculation. The late war, more than any other similar circumstance ever did, has opened the eyes of all mankind to the infinite resources we derive from trade. The author's object is stated in the title page. In the prosecution of it he enters on a large field of calculation. The sources of his information seem entitled to great attention. He discusses, in the course of the work, many curious and interesting theories. There are every where intermixed the deepest remarks on politics and national concerns, which he delivers with becoming respect for those in superior stations, and in language singularly strong and beautiful. It is impossible for us to go farther into the detail concerning a work of so much merit and extent. We, therefore, conclude our account of it with the following passage, which in our opinion is not inferior to any in our language:

"Were we to figure the trade of Britain foreign and domestic as an atlas sustaining her affairs mercantile and political, we might find an argument and an illustration from the progressive stages of the growth of man. We have seen that during the last war he exerted all the activity and vigour of youth, that during the present he exercised all the energy and force of manhood. When the embarrassments of the former period pressed him with additional encumbrances, he shrunk from his load with the supineness of his age, but recovered his position with his natural agility: when the complicated difficulties of the present war heaped upon him additional weight, he bent reluctantly under his burden, but having easily collected his powers, he stood firm in his might under all his pressures, because his sinews had been strong and his joints had been knit."

XXI. *The History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic.* By Adam Fergusson, LL. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In 3 Vols. 4to. Illustrated with Maps. W. Strahan, T. Cadell, London; and W. Creech, Edinburgh.

IT is with particular satisfaction that we congratulate the public on the accession of an History of the Romans, in the English language, not collected from the remains of ancient authors, but professedly containing a relation of the military conduct and political experience of that people worthy of the subject, simple in its nature, and unambitious of ornament. Such a production has been long a desideratum in the historical world, and we are happy to find that the labours of Doctor Fergusson have been employed in an attempt to gratify the wishes of the publick.

This History is dedicated to his Majesty, not in the fulsome language of adulation, but in a manner becoming both the loyalty and dignity of sentiment of a man of letters.

The plan of this work is comprehensive and magnificent. It contains an account of the rise, progress, and fall of an empire as remarkable for the smallness of its origin as the greatness and splendour to which it finally attained. The history of this mighty state, of its internal revolutions, and reverses of fortune, has ever been a favourite object to the more enlightened nations of the western world. To know it well is to know mankind and to have seen our species under the fairest aspect of great ability, integrity, and courage. There is a merit in attempting to promote the study of this subject, even if the effect should not correspond with the design.

It was under this impression that Dr. Fergusson assures us his narrative was undertaken. Though attention is paid in this work to every incident in Roman story, the event which makes the principal object of the detail may be considered as a point of separation between two periods which have been treated apart—the period of the republic and that of the monarchy. How far Dr. Fergusson's labours in this comprehensive field will meet with the approbation of the publick it is impossible for us to determine. It is our province at present to furnish our readers with such specimens of the work as may constitute a proper foundation for critical decision, reserving at the same time to ourselves the privilege of incidental observation, and of final remark on the general review of the history.

In narrating the history of the original establishment of the Roman Empire, Dr. Fergusson seems to have exhausted considerable labour in separating the most probable account of this remote event from the

fiction of facts and the legendary tales of the visionary and credulous.

"The Romans (observes Dr. Fergusson) are said to have made their settlement in the end of the sixth or beginning of the seventh Olympiad, about two hundred years before the accession of Cyrus to the throne of Persia, seven hundred years before the Christian æra, and long before the date of any authentic profane history whatever. The detail of this history is minute and circumstantial; but on this account is the more to be suspected of fiction: and in many parts besides that of the fable with which it is confessedly mixed, may, without any blameable scepticism, be rejected as the conjecture of ingenious men, or the embellishments of a mere tradition which partakes in the uncertainty of all other profane history of the same times, and labours under the obscurity which hangs over the origin of all other nations.

"That the Roman state was originally a small one, and came by degrees to its greatness, cannot be doubted.—So much we may admit on the faith of tradition, or in this instance infer from the continuation and recent marks of a progress which the people were still making, after they became an object of observation to other nations, and after they began to keep records of their own. That they had been an assemblage of herdsmen and warriors, ignorant of letters, of money, and commercial arts, inured to depredation and violence, and subsisting chiefly by the produce of their herds, and the spoils of their enemies, may be safely admitted, because we find them in the most authentic parts of their history supplying these defects, and coming forward in the same direction, and consequently proceeding from the same origin with other rude nations; being in reality a horde of ignorant barbarians, though likely to become an accomplished nation."

Our author informs us that the first Roman settlers, "being a flying body of three thousand men on foot and three hundred on horseback," took post on the Tullatium a small height on the Tiber, which according to former traditions had been previously occupied by five different races of men, who, in a country so precariously settled were continually changing their places. Their city was the first model of a Roman camp, with a square breast work and ditch to serve as an occasional retreat to themselves and their cattle. Their leader or chief was the sole magistrate either civil or military. The members of the commonwealth were distinguished into different classes or ranks, under the names of Patrician and Plebeian, Patron and Client."

(To be continued.)



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## A FRAGMENT.

**G**IVE to the fair (since Anna must be wed)

The insipid, joyless partner of her bed:  
High rais'd on stilts in each external grace,  
Of German dulness and of French grimace,  
And skill'd supreme in ways of modern life,  
Be *courteously* indifferent to his wife.

Grant from their loves a polish'd race to spring;

The master feathers pluck'd from Folly's  
These shall her magic standard high advance,  
And flutter to the gentle breath of France;  
May no harsh English grate upon their tongue,  
But be their lips with Gallic accents strung.  
And Anna's self shall her own sons confess,  
Monkeys alike in language and in dress.

See! dark futurity unfolds its page,  
And points the wonders of a distant age,  
When fashion rear'd by Anna's fostering hand,  
Shall wave his sceptre o'er this destin'd land;  
Before him reason's scatter'd forces fly,  
And shadowy forms their vacant seats supply.  
Impertinence in tinsel robe array'd,  
Shall hold that empire which politeness sway'd.  
Insidious flattery from the maiden's ear  
Drive the blunt language of a heart sincere:  
Our native tongue shall yield the palm to France,

And gen'rous friendship stoop to complaisance;  
Old English honesty-unpitied fall:  
And Gallic affectation conquer all.

D. E.

*On a very passionate Lady.*

**O**LD custom grants us—(and his laws,  
—Admit they have or have not flaws—  
What modern dares efface?)  
Some likeness of the female Gods  
(And if there's none, pray where's the odds?)  
In mortal maids to trace.

The dimpled smile, the stately mein,  
Which mark the loves and beauty's Queen,  
In Daphne's form we find:

And who perceives not (lucky hit!)  
Diana's chasteness, Pallas' wit,  
Unite in Chloe's mind?

But Dian chaste, nor Pallas wise,  
Nor, spite of all her luring eyes,

E'en Venus Queen of Love,  
So winning, wanton, debonnaire,  
With angry Phillis can compare,  
Who wields the bolts of Jove.

To swell her rage the awful God,  
Who rules Olympus with a nod,

Surrenders all his powers:  
His thunder now her voice inspires,  
Her eyes contest his lightning's fires,  
Then melt with all his showers.

## TO ELIZA.

**W**ILT thou Eliza, spotless maid,  
An honest truth approve?  
Say, wilt thou list to reason's voice,  
Attun'd by softer love?

Why are those looks, bewitching soft,  
Which Gods might have ador'd,  
Thrown wildly forth, without design,  
On FIVEY, WISEMAN, LORD?

Yet her bright eyes, on those who list  
Under Eliza's banner,  
Oft has Eliza in my sight,  
Manœuvred in this manner.

A gentle languish of thine eye,  
On gentler FIVEY's thrown,  
He gazes with a fond surprize,  
And marks thee for his own.

An eager glance he now prepares,  
And waits to catch thine eye;  
The rambler dress'd in smiles is fix'd,  
On WISEMAN sitting by.

WISEMAN in extacy exclaims—  
“O! lady most ador'd!”—  
Sudden he marks the averted eye,  
Now fix'd on little LORD.

Ere LORD has power to bless the look,  
Sudden the look is flown,  
And glancing quick on WISEMAN—lo!  
Is back to FIVEY gone!

You think your smiles subdue mankind,  
Eliza:—grant 'tis true:  
The beauteous serpent has a sting,  
Yet bears a balsam too.

For whilst on ALL you deal your smiles,  
Marks of your fond esteem,  
Fell jealousy will quench the flame,  
Enlit by beauty's beam.

See how yon radiant orb of light,  
Spreads wide his glowing beams;  
All feel his vivifying heat,  
But none in the extremes.

But in a burning glass collect,  
His wide-diffusive fires,  
And turn them on a mortal wight,  
In flames the wretch expires.

So when the rays that light thine eye  
Alike on all are thrown,  
To all they give a gentle warmth,  
A fiercer flame to none.

Then summon up thy graces all,  
Soft Love's artillery!  
Direct those graces to a point,  
And fix that point in me.

D. E.

On the BRITISH EMPIRE IN AMERICA.

Written by an English Officer, some years ago,  
at Boston in New England.

A Crafty American walking one day,  
By chance a blunt Englishman lit on;  
Then dryly demanded—"Now tell me my  
friend,

The bounds of the Empire of Britain?"

The Englishman piqu'd at a question so home,  
In an instant took fire like a rocket;  
And swift to reply, first thrusts in his hand,  
And pulls out a map from his pocket.

"Behold this red line with my finger I  
trace:

By *this* we our empire bound, Sir;  
See! yonder it sweeps beyond Canada's lakes,  
Here circles your colonies round, Sir,

By this both our force and our empire's  
bounds,

Are prov'd to the fullest conviction."

"I admit (says the other) its power and extent;  
But it is with some little restriction.

For whilst on your maps you this empire  
extend.

By your little red line that's *ideal*,  
You reflect not, its power is in Boston  
confin'd,

By a line of entrenchments that's *real*."

D. E.

#### THE DETERMINATION.

WITH breast elate had Jacky seen  
The joyful period of sixteen,  
When square-toes call'd a consultation  
About his further education.  
His much-lov'd tube, scarce known before,  
Half-smok'd, lay useless on the floor;  
A genuine instance, critics learn,  
Of strong, paternal, true concern.  
For he, unlike the common run,  
Was vastly anxious for his son.  
And first, preparatory hem!  
Led his opinions thus, *ad rem*:  
"Assist me, friends, paternal care,  
Unjustly deem'd a trite affair,  
Demands, no doubt, on recollection,  
The most precise, minute inspection.  
Choose, after due deliberation,  
Choose for my son an occupation."  
He said, opinions take the wing,  
And thick as Durham mustard spring.

Some one thing, some another mention,  
And great at length was the dissention.  
The council many points discuss  
But chiefly Jack's preceptor thus:  
"You know, my friends, scholastic know-  
ledge

Entitles hopeful youths to college;  
How stupid then this hesitation,  
To thwart a gen'rous inclination;  
'Tis merit calls, a lad so fine  
Will make an excellent divine!"

But Miss Polly stopp'd him short,  
"What think you of the inns of court;  
College indeed! you so alarm me,  
I'd be a serjeant in the army!  
Nay, sooner than I'd be a curate,  
I'd rather—Heavens! who can endure it?"  
Now o'er her cheeks resentment shed  
Its well-known power in crimson red:  
She paus'd, she sigh'd, she dropp'd a tear,  
When square-toes, Lord Chief Justice here,  
Waving his hand with solemn air,  
And rising from his elbow chair,  
The arguments on either side  
With reason, force, and justice try'd,  
Then, after due deliberation,  
Arriv'd at this Determination:—  
"No doubt, my friends, scholastic know-  
ledge

Hath ever pav'd the way to college;  
A little learning is not bad,  
But cunning—ay, that makes the lad;  
Let him obey, with cap in hand,  
Each surly senior's strict command;  
This turnpike (if he thus proceeds)  
To York and Canterbury leads.  
No more be urg'd then pro and con,  
Jacky shall go to College St. —  
The inns of court, you need not tell him,  
May serve his turn if they expel him."

W. B.

#### TO MISS MATTY ———.

IT is not form, it is not grace,  
It's not the bloom that paints the face,  
That in my Matty I admire,  
Or in my breast awakes desire,  
Though she's possess'd of all the charms,  
Can bless the fondest lover's arms,  
Yet charms (the pride of half the fair)  
But mean in Edward's eyes appear.

Thy prudence (strange in one so young)  
Thy sweetest melody of tongue,  
Thy temper calm as summer seas;  
Thy winning softness, matchless ease,  
Thy fond anxiety to please;  
Thy skill in every soothing art,  
To melt the soul, or warm the heart,  
Place thee, my Matty, far above,  
E'en scepter'd queens in Edward's love.

Flavia, to one pursuit confin'd,  
To dress, to lure, to jilt mankind;  
May laugh, may flirt, without a cause,  
And barter fame to gain applause,  
I too perhaps (but frown not you)  
May pay the tithe to fashion due;  
Indulge those hopes my *pride* supplies,  
And court a smile from Flavia's eyes,

But might I wish to crown my days,  
A maid with every charm to please,  
To rid my breast of jarring strife,  
And smooth the rugged paths of life,  
Then mayst thou grant my fond desire,  
And to my humble cot retire,



In those soft arms content I'll rest,  
And pleasing thee myself be blest.

### SPRING, A Poem.

**S**TILL must my friend, the briny torrents  
flow?

Still must the muse a funeral dirge rehearse?

Still breathe thy strains in energetic woe?

Still filial duty claim the heart felt verse?

No! change thy numbers! let the *sapphic*  
lyre,

Again invite the melting soul to peace;

With lyric sweetness join *Pindaric* fire,

And emulate the prodigies of Greece!

Ah! dwell not on *Cordulia's* solemn page!

Ah! cease on *Plato's* learned lore to doat;

Let sprightlier themes thy studious thoughts  
engage,

And hail *Parnassus* in a lighter note,

Blame not my counsel—'tis with kind intent—

Tho' dear the parent—terrible the stroke—

The meed she gain'd of years devoutly spent—

The chain, which stay'd her flight to  
heav'n, is broke.

'Tis friendship's force impels an unskill'd  
muse,

With zeal officious to remove thy grief:

And will my friend inflexibly refuse,

To talk of comfort, or receive relief.

See! lovely *spring*, with renovating hand,

Her blooming empire o'er the world display!

Plenty she scatters through the smiling land,

And with new raptures wake the genial day!

See nature's gifts demand thy tuneful voice!

The vernal meads thy devious steps invite;

In heaven taught lays where warbling larks  
rejoice,

And *Philomela's* trillings cheer the night,

Heedful no more of winter's dreary reign,

Of frozen slumbers, or accreted snow,

The sportive floods their wonted channels  
gain,

And glide unmindful of their frigid foe.

None now are dumb! the vegetative race

With eloquence unfathomable preach!

Inanimates exert a pleasing face,

And to mankind instructive lessons teach!

Loos'd from his rein, the snorting courser  
bounds,

Neighs to the heavens, and shares the ge-

With savage gratitude the wood resounds!

Love bleating hymns the milder flocks em-  
ploy.

Nor is man silent!—Cheerful as the day,

Salubrious hinds the festive dance explore;

Their only wish (blend health, and pleasure  
By,

Th' eternal grant!)—enraptur'd they

O join the blissful choir!—the cheerful notes

Let echo's magic from the caves resound;

While o'er the lawn astonish'd wood nymphs  
float,

And Sylphs, well pleas'd, by myriads flock  
[around.

Here, if the poignant pangs of sorrow's dart,

Or the fell daemon grief, perchance alarms;

Safely repose the secrets of thy heart,

And lull each care in *Amarantha's* arms.

Here too the spirit so completely blest,

(A mother once! a guardian angel now!)

Shall ease the sigh, which binds thy lab'ring  
breast,

And heaven-ward waft the well directed vow.

*Bristol.*

W. W.

### SELF CONCEIT.

**H**AIL! charming power of *self-opinion*!

For none are slaves in thy dominion,

Secure in thee, the mind's at ease,

The vain have only one to please.

### A LADY'S WISH.

**A** Neat little box on the side of a hill,  
At the bottom of which runs a mur-  
muring rill,

The soil should be healthy, and temperate

And, to add to my prospect, I'd have a par-  
terre.

The sweet rose of Sharon, my walks shou'd  
adorn,

Just under my window, I'll fancy a lawn.

Where delicate shrubs should be planted with  
taste,

And none of my ground be seen running to

Instead of Italians, the linnet and thrush,

Would with harmony greet me from every  
bush,

Those gay feather'd songsters do rapture in—  
What music so soft as the heavenly choir?

My furniture elegant, simple, and plain,

Not any thing gaudy, expensive, or vain;

My friends should repose on a pillow of down,

Nor ever from me should they meet with a  
frown.

A study replete with good authors to chuse,  
That if serious, or gay, might instruct and  
amuse,

No new fashion'd novel, or gilded romance,  
Should there find a place, though it travel'd  
from France.

My table I'd cover with old English cheer,

No kickshaws, or luxury should be seen here;

I wou'd treat you with port, and a service of  
fruit,

But modern extravagance should ne'er take

If to crown my felicity!—Fortune would send,

A sensible, sprightly, compassionate friend,

One free from suspicion!—If such could be  
found!

He soon should be master of this fairy ground.

For

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

To a friend, on the past and present measures of  
G———.

SIR,

**A**S a friend to my country, without any guile,  
I now wish you to spare a few moments, while  
We take a review of American measures,  
For we have been drain'd of our blood, and  
our treasures,  
To be sure 'twas a sign of our having a plenty,  
Though with many, you know, things were  
rather scanty: [the nation,  
This proves a fault somewhere, I don't charge  
And I wish I could say so of ad———n.

For errors like these our youth have gone  
to college, [ledge;  
In hopes of imbibing a more useful know-  
But whether the fault lay with pupil or master,  
It has turn'd out for us, Sir, a sad disaster.

Since in this pious age, he that won't  
wrong a brother, [other;  
Seems unfit for this world, if he's fit for an-  
And he is accounted the much wisest man,  
Who, under a cover, gets all that he can;  
While a man without money, no wisdom can  
have,

And might be as well fast asleep in his grave!  
But who could have thought that going  
backward and forward, [toward;  
To a market, with flour, wou'd not be un-

Or that all the provision we have lost in a  
storm— [much harm!

With those who should eat it—could do them  
Tho' that scheme, my dear Sir, was con-  
triv'd by old Satan, [have thought on;  
Since no other creature else such evils could  
For while fools were plotting to enslave one  
another, [“mother.”

He was tempting the negroes to murder their  
And now we have peace, Sir, what are we  
the better, [each other;

As all k——s and f——s coalesce with  
“You give me a place, Sir, and, I'll move  
for your pension,” [tion—

And no one can doubt of their honest inten-  
But I think 'twould be well for both KING  
and people,

If such were hung out upon Salisbury steeple—  
‘Till his M—— in council, may have re-  
solved

That the present p—— shall be dissolved.  
I am, Sir, your's, &c.

A friend to my King and country, but no  
party man.

Near Bath, 5th March 1783.

An Extempore to a Friend.

**I**F “virtue is its own reward,”  
What need it any other guard?  
If the hypothesis be true,  
What must an “easy virtue” do?

March 4, 1783.

NO CRITIC.

## THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER

L O N D O N.

TUESDAY, March 4.

✱✱✱✱ **Y**ESTERDAY an address on  
the peace from the city and  
county of Norwich, was pre-  
sented to his Majesty, by Sir  
✱✱✱✱ Edward Ashley, Bart. one of  
the members for the county  
of Norfolk.

Prince Edward does not go to the instal-  
lation at Dublin, on account of the great  
expence which would attend the journey.

The installation robes of the Knights of  
St. Patrick are not to be white velvet lined  
with blue, as has been mentioned, but sky  
blue satin lined with white.

Sir Charles Bamfylde has presented a me-  
morial from Exeter, Dartmouth, and Teign-  
mouth, for the establishing packet-boats  
between Falmouth and Corunna, to Lord  
Grantham, who, being convinced of the  
utility of opening a communication with  
Spain, promised his attention to that cir-  
cumstance.

The Tapley, Bowden, from Cork for  
Bristol, was lost on Thursday last on the  
Flat Holmer, and nine of the crew and pas-  
sengers perished.

The York, Evans, from Jamaica for Li-  
verpool, foundered the 7th ult. The crew  
are arrived at Dover.

SATURDAY, 8.

About six o'clock on Wednesday after-  
noon, as the Hon. Miss Isabella Courtenay,  
daughter of Lord Viscount Courtenay, was  
standing before the fire at his lordship's  
house in Grosvenor-square, the poker acci-  
dentally falling from the grate, and setting  
fire to her clothes, burnt her so miserably  
before any assistance could be procured, that  
she died in the greatest agonies, at two  
o'clock yesterday morning.

Extract of a letter from Scilly, March 4.

“This morning a large ship under French  
colours, drove ashore on the rocks here;  
the people on board hoisted signals of distress,  
and fired several guns, but the wind blew  
so hard, and the sea ran so high, that no  
person dared venture out to their assistance.  
At four o'clock in the afternoon the wind  
rather abated, and a heavy fall of snow  
came on, which hindered us seeing what  
condition she was in: but, according to all  
appearance, before the snow came, she must  
have sunk soon after.”

Notice is given to the attendants that the



Royal Family will go to chapel at St. James's on Sunday, and that there will afterwards be a court on that day.

Last night there was a grand route at Cumberland-house, at which the Prince of Wales, and a great number of the nobility of both sexes were present.

## THURSDAY, 13.

Yesterday Generals Skeene and Rainsford were at the levee, and laid before the King returns of their respective regiments, which have been reduced in consequence of the peace.

Yesterday, at twelve o'clock, a meeting of the West-India planters and merchants, was held at the St. Alban's tavern, the Duke of Chandos in the chair, when the last names were put to the address, and a little after one o'clock the company went to St. James's, and presented the following address to his Majesty:

"May it please your Majesty,

"WE your Majesty's loyal and dutiful subjects, the merchants, planters, &c. trading to the West-Indies, take this opportunity of throwing ourselves at your feet, to return you our thanks for your having put an end to the late ruinous war, and to congratulate you on the return of peace, which we hope may prove both permanent and lasting, that every part of the empire may feel its happy effects.

"The revival and extension of commerce we conceive will be the first object of your paternal care. And while we assure your Majesty of our inviolable and invariable attachment to your person, family, and government, we beg leave to assure your Majesty we shall be among the most forward to cultivate those blessings which only a return of peace could enable us to pursue.

(Signed)

CHANDOS.

J. LOWTHER."

And some other names.

To which his Majesty returned the following most gracious answer:

"THE addresses of my people on this occasion give me great satisfaction; and it shall be my study to preserve those blessings we are now in possession of, and to give every assistance in my power to the national commerce."

The following is the King's answer to the address of the people called Quakers, presented on Friday last:

"I always receive with pleasure such assurances of duty and affection to my person and family, and do so particularly on the event of peace; you may be assured of my constant protection, as your uniform attachment to my government, and peaceable disposition and conduct, are highly acceptable to me."

## SATURDAY, 15.

Yesterday an express arrived in town from LOND. MAG. March 1783.

Portsmouth, with advice of the sailors belonging to the Marquis de Seignally and Speedy sloops, the vessels appointed convoy to the West-India fleet, having refused to proceed to sea.—Upon the receipt of this intelligence, the owners of the different ships immediately applied to the Secretary of State's office for passports, which were instantly granted; therefore, this large fleet will at last set without convoy.

A letter from Liverpool, dated March 12, says, The Belgioioso, bound from that port to Lisbon, and from thence to China, was lost on Wednesday last, in a violent storm of wind and snow, upon the Kish Bank, off Dublin Bay, and every person on board perished: a number of craft are out of Dublin, in order to pick up all they can, but the heavy part of her cargo, it is imagined, is in too deep water ever to be got up.

A letter from Beaumaris says, That the St. David, Jones, from London, laden with grocery, &c. was driven on shore in the late snowy weather, on the north part of the island of Anglesea, and entirely lost: the crew were with great difficulty saved.

A letter from Kinsale says, That the Carlisle armed ship took up at sea a French vessel deserted by the crew, very leaky, with seven feet water in her hold, supposed to be a smuggling vessel, as she was bored for guns, which, together with her cargo, had been thrown overboard. She was with difficulty brought into harbour, but sunk soon after.

A letter from Aberdeen received yesterday says, That the James, Stewart, from Lisbon, and Rose in June, McDonaldson, were both lost in the bad weather, within three miles of that port; the crews are saved: three more vessels were driven on shore, but they are in hopes of getting them off if the weather proves moderate.

The Anne, Mattos, from Malaga, with wine and fruit, is on shore near Biddesford, and it is feared will be lost.

## TUESDAY, 18.

Yesterday Alexander Munro, Esq. lately returned from India, was at the levee at St. James's, and received the honour of knighthood.

The Sunday drawing-rooms at St. James's will continue only a few weeks, as their Majesties will go to Windsor very soon for the season.

The parliamentary levees on Monday will continue only till Easter for this season.

The Bishop of Osnabruck is shortly to be created an English Duke, in order to give him a seat in the House of Peers when he comes of age.

Sir Richard Bickerton, with his convoy, arrived safe at Bombay the 3d of September.

On Saturday advice was received, that the Chapman homeward-bound East-Indiaman, which

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which was on shore, is since got off by being lightened, and has met with little or no damage.

The Archduke Maximilian, from L'Orient to China, went on shore getting out of that harbour, and it is feared will be lost: the crew and part of the cargo is saved.

The Belgioioso East-Indiaman, lately lost in Dublin-Bay, was one of the richest ships that ever sailed from Liverpool, being valued at 300,000*l*. She had 100,000 dollars on board, besides a great value in ginseng, bale goods, and 300 tons, of lead, it is imagined, that such part of the cargo as will not float in too deep water ever to be got up again.

On Friday a vessel belonging to Folkestone was run down in Limehouse Hole by a loaded collier, and immediately sunk; the crew were with great difficulty saved.

The Comte de Neny, De Jonge, from Yarmouth to Ostend, drove on shore going into that harbour, and it is feared will be lost; the cargo is saved.

The Mary Anne, Quill, from New-York to Liverpool, last from Cork, is lost in Dublin-Bay.

The Molly, Brookes; Friendship, Colstrain; Easter, Tupper; and Elwood, Fletcher, from Halifax; and the Weeman, Brenock, a neutral ship from St. Kit's, are all safe arrived at Cork.

The General Elliott and Besborough outward-bound East-Indiamen, which were obliged to anchor in Yarmouth Road, sailed on their voyages on Thursday morning, with a fair wind.

The Peggy, White, from Clyde to Guernsey and the West-Indies, foundered in the late gale of wind; the crew saved their lives in the boat, and landed near Downpatrick, in Ireland.

By the late general returns from New-York, the number of men killed in the British service, amounts to 43,633: rank and file, exclusive of the officers who have fallen in the field, or lost their lives either naturally or accidentally.

A board of enquiry was on Saturday ordered to sit, to investigate the conduct of the Hon. Major Stanhope, in surrendering the Island of Tobago, of which, at the time of its capitulation, he was commanding officer. This board is instituted at the particular interference of the Major himself, who has long solicited in vain for a court martial to enquire into, and decide upon his conduct.

On the conclusive settlement of Mr. Child's affairs, Mrs. Child has for her life 25,000*l*. per annum.—Lady Westmoreland's inheritance for the time being, is 2000*l*.—At the death of her mother, this inheritance is augmented to 4000*l*. a year. The second son of the Earl of Westmoreland is the heir of the rest of the 25,000*l*. per ann. And in case no issue should be surviving, then, and then only, the whole of

this immense fortune reverts to Lady W. For the present the entire property is conveyed in trust for securing the firm of the banking-house.

## PROMOTIONS

*Civil and Ecclesiastical.*

**EDWIN** Francis Stanhope, Esq. Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber, to be one of her Majesty's equeiries, in the room of the Hon. John West.—Gustavus Gwydickens, Esq. Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber, in the room of Edwin Francis Stanhope, Esq.—Patrick Bellew, Esq. to be one of the Gentlemen Ushers Daily Waiters, in the room of Gustavus Gwydickens, Esq.—The dignity of a baron of Great-Britain to the Hon. Francis Rawdon (commonly called Lord Rawdon) and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Rawdon, of Rawdon, in the county of York.—The dignity of a baron of Great-Britain to the Right Hon. Thomas Townshend, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Sydney, of Chiselmurst, in the county of Kent.—Also, the like dignity of a baronet of Great-Britain to Lieutenant-General John Dalling, of Burwood, in Surrey, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten.—To William Jones, Esq. the office and place of one of the judges of his Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William in Bengal, in the room of Stephen Caesar Le Maistre, Esq. deceased.—Alexander Murray, Esq. late Solicitor General for Scotland, was appointed one of the Lords of Session, in the room of Lord Kames, deceased, and took his seat on the bench by the title of Lord Henderland.—Hay Campbell, Esq. was at the same time appointed his Majesty's Solicitor General in the room of Lord Henderland.—Edward Mathew, Esq. Major-General of his Majesty's forces, to be Captain-General and Governor in chief in and over the Island of Grenada, and such of the islands commonly called the Grenadines, to the southward of the Island of Carriacou, including that island, and lying between the same and Grenada.—Edmund Lincoln, Esq. to be Captain-General and Governor in chief in and over the Island of St. Vincent, Bequis, and such other the islands, commonly called the Grenadines, as lie to the Northward of the Island of Carriacou, in America.—John Orde, Esq. to be Captain-General and Governor in chief in and over the island of Dominica and its dependencies, in America.—Samuel Estwicke, Esq. to be Secretary and Register to the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, vice John Powell, Esq. removed: and Hervey Smyth, Esq. to be Joint Agent and Solicitor to the Invalids, vice said Powell.—The Rev. Thomas Pitfield-Slater, to the rectory of Frinton, in Suffolk, on the presentation of J. Tekell, Esq.—The Rev.

Augustus



Augustus Hupfman, chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley to the rectory of West-Thorney, in the Diocese of Chichester.—The Rev. Hugh Laurens, Master of the free Grammar school at Kingston-upon-Thames, and rector of Daverdale, in Worcestershire, to the rectory of Woolston, in the county and diocese of Gloucester, upon the presentation of the Earl of Coventry.—The Rev. Richard Wykham, M. A. chaplain to the Vicountess Dowager Say and Sele, to the rectory of Newton Priel, with Shellswell, in Oxfordshire, together with the vicarage of Sulgrave in Northamptonshire.—The Rev. G. P. Malin, vicar of Higham-Ferrers in Northamptonshire, to the rectory of Harpole, in the said county, upon the presentation of Earl Fitzwilliam.—The dignity of a baronet of Great-Britain, to the Rev. Mark Sykes, D. D. of Sledmire, in the county of York, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten.—The Rev. John Venn, B. A. of Sidney College, Cambridge, to the rectory of Dunham Parva, in the county of Norfolk, on the presentation of Edward Parry, Esq.—The Rev. Mr. William McLeish, to the church and parish of Collace, in the Presbytery and county of Perth, void by the translation of the Rev. Mr. John Baird.—To the Rev. Samuel Forster, the rectory of Winsfleet, in Lincolnshire.—To the Rev. James Smyth, the vicarage of Gisburn, in Yorkshire.—To the Rev. Servington Savory, the rectory of Hickham, in Lincolnshire.—And to the Rev. Joseph Holden Pott, the rectory of Bexby, otherwise Beesby, in Lincolnshire.—The Rev. Osborn Wight, M. A. Fellow of New College, Oxford, to the first portion of Pontisbury, and vicarage of Condover, in the county of Salop, vacant by death.—The Rev. Thomas Bowen, A. B. to the rectory of Killymanillywyd, in the county of Caermarthen and diocese of St. David's, void by death.

#### MARRIAGES.

*March* **A**T Swindon, near Cheltenham, 6. William Beale, Esq. to Miss Harvey, of Winchcomb.—At Leek, in Staffordshire, Mr. Francis Gosling, of Bid-dulph Moor, to Miss Crichlow, of Pett-Hill.—By a special license, at Lady Andover's, in Duke-street, Westminster, the Hon. Richard Bagot, brother of Lord Bagot, to Miss Fanny Howard, daughter of Lady Andover.—At St. John's, Clerkenwell, Mr. John Willoughby, of Highbury-Barn, to Miss Hunt, of Red-Lion-street, Clerkenwell.—At St. Sepulchre's, Mr. Bounds, gold-beater, to Miss Anne Lee, both of the above parish.—At Manchester, Samuel Baughan, Esq. of Sydenham, in Kent, to Miss Smith, daughter of George Smith,

Esq. of Manchester.—By special license, James Booth, Esq. of Peckham, to Miss Fanny Toffel, of Walnut-Tree-Walk, Lambeth.—At St. Martin's in the Fields, Mr. John Pouncy, surgeon, of Hatton-street, to Miss Jane Chassereau, of Long-Acre.—At Maestricht, in Scotland, Major John A. Stedman, of General Stuart's regiment, to Miss A. Wierts, of Maestricht.—At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. Sprent, of New-Bond-street, ironmonger, to Miss Amelia Fallowfield, of Park-street, Westminster.—At St. Benet's church, Gracechurch-street, Mr. Benjamin Smith, of Lynne Regis in Norfolk, to Miss Harriet Cooke, of Fish-Street-Hill.—Mr. Cheese, butcher, in the Strand, to Miss Grace Haydon.—At Walton upon Thames, Mr. Justice Hudson, of Twickenham, to Miss Sophia Flower, only daughter of Mr. Flower, undertaker in Fleet-street.—The Rev. Thomas Cox, rector of Badby and Newnham, in Northamptonshire, to Miss Clavering, eldest daughter of Robert Clavering, Esq. and grand daughter of the late Bishop of Peterborough.—At St. George's Church, James Gladell, Esq. of Stanhope-street, to Mrs. Glover, of Hereford-street.—At St. Margaret's, Westminster, William Browning, Esq. of Dock-Head, to Mrs. Elisabeth Kerwood, widow of John Kerwood, Esq. late of Tooting in Surrey.—At Grantham, William Manners, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Manners, to Miss Whichcote, only daughter of Sir Christopher Whichcote, of Uswarby, Bart.—At St. Luke's, Chelsea, Mr. Cook, of Cross-lane, Long-Acre, to Miss Mary Wilkinson, of Little Chelsea.—11. By special license, at Compton, in Hants, the Hon. George Richard St. John, Member of Parliament for Cricklade, Wilts, to Miss Charlotte Collins, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Collins, of Winchester.—At Notting-ham, Francis Gawthorne, Esq. to Miss Frost, only daughter of Thomas Frost, Esq. of that place.—At Wapping Church, Captain Anthony Calvat, one of the elder Brothers of the Trinity-House, to Mrs. Noble, of Union-stairs, Wapping.—Samuel Needham, Esq. of Bolton-row, Piccadilly, to Miss Frances Richardson, of Park-street.—At St. Marylebone Church, Capt. Dalton, of the fourth regiment of Dragoons, to Miss Prescott, eldest daughter of Major General Prescott.—Mr. Collyer, of Farnham, to Miss Bristow, of Beddington.—At Squemis, in Kent, the seat of John Warde, Esq. Miss Warde, his only sister, to Sir Nathaniel Dutrinfield, Bart. of Cheshire.—At St. Dunstan's, Stepney, Mr. Smithson Dawes, of New-Inn, to Miss Dawes, late of Cecil-street.—At Castle Cary, Mr. Thomas Burge, Gent. to Mrs. Whitehead, a widow lady of Bruton.—Schaw Grossett, Esq. late Lieutenant-Colonel in the service of Portugal, to

Miss Rock.—Edward Shirley, Esq. to Miss Hannah Spencer Rock.—15. At St. Paul's Covent-Garden, Mr. Rumball, upholster, in Bedford-street, to Miss Willson, of East-street, Red-lion-square.—At Marybone church, Mr. John Beckley, of Castle-street, Oxford-Market, to Miss Sally Pitt, of Oxford-street.—At Ovingham, in Northumberland, Mr. Kitchen, of Newcastle upon-Tyne, to Miss Peggy Dobson, of Ovingham.—At St. Olave's Southwark, Mr. Richard Perkins, jun. of Dodworth-Green, near Barnsley, Yorkshire, to Miss Butterworth, of Canterbury-square, Tooley-street.—At Hackney, Edward Austin, Esq. of that place, to Miss Southgate, of Clapton.—18. At Farnham, James Colnam, Esq. to Miss Wright, daughter of Waller Wright, Esq.—At Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight, John Eliot, Esq. lately appointed Collector of his Majesty's customs at Grenada, to Miss Mary Andrews, of East-Cowes.—At All Saints church, Dr. Fraser, of Southampton, to Miss Skinner, daughter of Gen. Skinner, lately arrived from America.—At Exeter, Mr. Thomas Bingley, jun. of Birchin-lane, London, to Miss Jackson, of Exeter.—22. John Anderson, Esq. of Winterfield, to Miss Jean Dalrymple, eldest daughter of Lord Westhall.

## DEATHS.

**MARCH** **L**ADY Mary West, sister to the 4. Earl of Stamford.—At Birmingham, Henry Manning, Esq.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Priscilla Rich, relict of the late John Rich, Esq. parentee of Covent-Garden Theatre.—At Two Waters, Herts, Mr. James Holloway, lace-merchant.—At Whitehouse-Hall, near Stebbing in Essex, Joseph Richards, Esq.—Mr. Neale, mercer, in Ludgate-street.—At Rotherhithe, Captain Deerina, an old commander in the Turkey trade.—At Oxford, Mr. Philip Ward, one of the aldermen of that city.—At Canonbury-House near Islington, Mr. James Lane, who had kept the tavern and tea-rooms there near thirty years.—Near Carlisle, the Rev. Joseph Parker, 45 years vicar of that parish, and master of the Grammar-school there.—At Warminster, the Rev. Dacre Youngson, A. M. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.—Mrs. Musgrove, relict of the late Mr. Musgrove, of Shadwell.—On Tower-Hill, William Clifton, Esq. one of the Loyalists at Philadelphia, and lately arrived from thence.—In Beaufort-Buildings, Miss Eleonora Kerr, sister to Dr. Kerr, of Northampton, and to Charles Kerr, Esq. of Antigua.—At Woodhay, in Berkshire, Mrs. Goddard, wife of the Rev. Mr. Goddard, and only daughter of Lieutenant-General Sloper.—At South Cave in Yorkshire, Lewyns Bolderso Barnard, Esq.—In Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, Mr. Lloyd, Sen. at-

torney.—At Grantham, Mrs. Minchinson, a widow lady.—Of an apoplectic fit, Edward Ward, Esq. of South Searle, near Newark.—In Cockspur-street, Charing-Cross, Mr. Pinchbeck.—Mrs. Stephens, sister of Mr. Stephens, Secretary of the Admiralty.—At Stockport, the Rev. John Watson, M. A. F. R. A. S. rector of that parish, and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the counties of Chester and Lancaster.—Sunday, in Great Queen street, aged 88, Mrs. Venables, widow of the late Mr. William Venables.—Lately, in Oxford-street, Miss Juliana Allegre.—At Heythrop, in the county of Oxford, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Thomas Whittingham, Esq.—In the South of Franch, Peter Taylor, Esq. second son of Mrs. Taylor, of Much Hadham, in Hertfordshire.—At Lybster, in the county of Caithness, Alexander Sinclair, Esq.—In an advanced age, Mrs. Diana Perkins, of Newman street, widow of — Perkins, Esq. of Pilton, in Monmouthshire.—At Kettle, in Fifeshire, aged 117, Mrs. Margaret Melvill.—At Ipswich, William Blackmore, Esq.—Sunday last, in Devonshire-square, Mrs. Battier, widow of the late Mr. Battier, merchant of this city.—19. At Worktop, in Nottinghamshire, Capt. Spencer of the Leicestershire militia.—At Edinburgh, Miss Brabazon Nairne, daughter of the late Hon. Col. John Nairne.—Mr. John Clerk, merchant, and late one of the magistrates of Glasgow.—Of a rapid decline, Signora Prudom.—In Wapping, Capt. Bryce Charlton, formerly in the Oporto trade.—In Tottenham-Court-Road, Mrs. Hardon, widow of the late Rev. Isaac Hardon.—Mrs. Mary Shepherd, wife of Mr. John Shepherd, upholster, in Leadenhall-street.—Dowager Lady Walpole.—In Lamb's Conduit-street, Charles Ives, Esq.—In Swithin's-lane, Cannon-street, James Bradshaw, Esq.—In the Tower, Mr. Joseph Champ.—At Walthamstow, in Essex, Daniel Cooke, Esq.—At Hackney, George Tomlinson, Esq. many years a captain in the Levant trade.—In Arlington-street, William Skrine, Esq.—At Dalston, in an advanced age, Mr. Israel Taker, of the fraternity of Quakers.—In Southampton-court, Queen-square, — Willis, Esq.—At Portsmouth, Mr. William Joseph Wittenoom, purser of the Eurydice frigate.—Charles Gore, Esq. senior alderman of Liverpool.—In an advanced age, at her seat in Oxfordshire, Lady Echlin, widow of Sir Robert Echlin, baronet, of the kingdom of Ireland, sister to the late Countess of Derby, and grandmother to the present Earl.—At Manchester, Capt. Mounsey, of the 79th regiment.—At Leeds, William Hind, Esq. M. D. one of the people called Quakers.—At Preston, in Yorkshire, Mr. T. Poston, aged 108.—At her apartments in Brompton, Mrs. Edgell, wife of Harry Edgell, Esq. of Standerwick in Somersetshire.—In Dover-street, the lady of Robert Shaftoe,



Shaftes, Esq. daughter and heiress of the late Thomas Duncombe, Esq. of Duncombe-Park, by his first wife, Lady Diana Howard, daughter of the late Earl of Carlisle.—At Endfield, Mrs. Hake, relict of the late Engelbert Hake, Esq. of Clapham.—At Basingbourne-Hall, in Essex, Francis Bernard, Esq. of Castle Bernard, in the county of Cork.—In Wimpole-street, Andrew Pepperell, Esq.—Mr. Burford, pewterer in the Poultry, late a Common-Councilman of Cheap Ward.—At Chemsford, Mr. Samuel Lucas Bumpsted, attorney at law, and register of the Jurisdiction of Writtle and Roxwell.—On Great Tower-Hill, George Browne, Esq. wine-merchant.—William Jacomb, Esq. of Lawrence Pountney-hill.—William Cooper, Esq. collector of Excise.—In Parliament-street, Mr. Chudleigh, formerly a wine-merchant, in Thames-street.—In Pancras lane, Nathaniel Hillier, Esq.

## BANKRUPTS.

JOHN WALLER, of St. Paul, Shadwell, cooper.  
John Walter, of Exchange-Alley, London, insurer and merchant  
William Newman, of New Sarum, Wilts, innholder.  
James Longworth and Theophilus Byers, both of Manchester, clothiers and partners.  
James Foakes, late of the Limekilns, in Greenwich, Kent, victualler.  
John Fisher, late of Dulverton, but since of Huish Champflower, in Somersetshire, grazier.  
William Salmon, late of Sandling, in the Parish of Boxley, in Kent, tanner.  
Thomas Pengree, of Sun-street, St. Botolph, Bishopsgate London, victualler.  
Thomas Stephens, of Camborne, in Cornwall, shopkeeper  
Henry Freemont, late of Broad-street, Carnaby-Market, but now of Berkeley-square, embroiderer.  
John Arch, late of Dudley, in Worcestershire, bleacher.  
William Solloway, now or late of Birmingham, dealer in hops, wool, and linen-draper.  
William Stokes, now or late of Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields, callico printer.  
Wolf Joseph, of Goodman's-fields, merchant.  
John Bolton, now or late of Portsmouth, in Hants, vintner and victualler.  
George Clarke, of North Audley-street, St. George, Hanover-square, butcher.  
Robert Cox, of Clement's court, Milk-street, London, hoager.  
Stephen Burgess, of St. Margaret, Westminster, cowkeeper.  
John Sherer, of Capel-court, Bartholomew-lane, London, merchant.  
Thomas Wood and Henry Tipping, now or late of Taplow Mills, in Bucks, and William Cockshott and Robert Pilkington, now or late of Macclesfield, in Cheshire, cotton-manufacturers and co-partners, under the firm of Thomas Wood and company.  
George Hudson, now or late of Bear-street, St. Martin in the fields, orange-merchant.  
William Wood, of Truro, in Cornwall, architect.  
Morris Goldimid, late of Kingston upon Hull, merchant.  
John Turner, the elder, of the Parish of Buxted, in Sussex, shopkeeper.  
William Berridge, of St. Nicholas, Deptford, Kent, tallow-chandler.  
Richard Brown, late of Hemel Hempstead, in Herts, wool spinner.  
John Styles, of Nicholas-lane, London, dealer.  
James Tellam, of Great Peter-street, Westminster, Middlesex, victualler.

Robert Goodair, of Pontefract, York, linen-draper,  
John Castleman, of Gosport, dealer.  
John Court, of Red Lion street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, merchant.

## COUNTRY NEWS.

Reading, March 1.

THIS being the day appointed by the Mayor of Windsor for reading his Majesty's proclamation of peace, the Royal Lancashire Volunteers, commanded by Sir Thomas Egerton, marched, with music playing and colours flying, to the Town-Hall, where they were joined by the mayor and corporation, when they proceeded to the middle of the town, where the town-clerk read the proclamation, which was received by the populace with three cheers: the cavalcade then proceeded to the castle gate, where they were met by the clergy of the King's Free Chapel of St. George, and their officers, when the proclamation was again read. The prebend with the officers of the chapel, then returned to the Chapter-House, and the procession went through the town with music playing, flags flying, &c. to the foot of Windsor-bridge, where they were met by the provost, masters, and scholars of Eton, when the town-clerk having a third time read the proclamation, the provost, master, and scholars returned to Eton College, and the procession went back to the town-hall, where they separated.

Derby, March 6. On Friday night last a fire broke out in the dwelling house of Mr. James Taylor, farmer, at Chatson in Staffordshire, which communicated to the Malt-House of Mr. Joseph Jackson, and burnt both houses, all the out-buildings, corn and hay, seven horses, eleven cows and their calves, with all the household goods and wearing-apparel, a large quantity of cheese, and about seventy quarters of barley and malt. Three daughters of Mr. Taylor and his servant-maid were on Sunday day out of the ruins. Mr. Taylor narrowly escaped by leaping out of his chamber-window.

Newcastle, March 8. A correspondent at Norton, in the county of Durham, informs us of the following remarkable instance of longevity:—the ages of the last seven inhabitants who have been interred at that place, amount together to 602 years.

## SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, Feb. 26.

THIS day the proclamation for the cessation of hostilities was read at the Cross with the usual formalities.

## IRELAND.

Dublin, March 1.

THE Commissioners appointed by his Majesty for receiving subscriptions to the bank of Ireland, have received the sum of

of 600,000*l.* from the several subscribers, in government securities, issued by authority of parliament, and have lodged the same in his Majesty's Treasury, being the original stock or capital of this bank, pursuant to act of parliament.

The national Bank in Ireland commences business on the 1st day of July next. A Chamber of Commerce is also about to be established in that kingdom.

A great number of gentlemen have set off this week for Ireland, in order to be present at the installation of the Knights of St. Patrick.

*March 6.* The departure of our excellent viceroy and his lady from this kingdom, is fixed to take place between the 20th and 30th of next month.

### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

*Madrid, Jan. 21.*

**T**HE Prince de Nassau on his journey from Madrid to Cadix, was stopped by a band of robbers, who, knowing him, politely demanded his money: the prince offered them his purse, which they were not contented with, but took a bag of money which was in the carriage; after which they offered to escort the prince for fear of a second attack, but he thanked them, saying, there was no occasion, as he had not any thing more to lose.

*Brussels, Feb. 22.* Lord Torrington, who, during the absence of Mr. Fitzherbert, conducted the affairs of Great-Britain at this court, is appointed by his Britannick Majesty his minister plenipotentiary here.

*Versailles, Feb. 19.* Count de Rochambeau is arrived here from America: he came in *La Gloire* frigate.

*Utrecht, Feb. 27.* Seven of the towns of the Province of Holland not only oppose the cession of Negapatnam to the English, but even refuse to grant Great-Britain the liberty of trading in those parts of the Dutch Indies that they require, which would in fact be more hurtful in the end to this republick than the cession of Negapatnam.

*Petersburgh, Feb. 13.* Lieutenant-General Naplujew arrived here from the Crimea on the 26, with accounts that General Belman, who commands the van of the Russian army, had, with only 200 men, overtaken the seditious Bahti Gueray, at the head of 1000 men, whom he entirely routed, killed 70, and took Bahti Gueray prisoner, just as he was going to enter a strong castle.

*Rome, Feb. 19.* Last Friday night a very heavy rain began to fall, which continued 24 hours: when it abated, a gentle wind melted all the snow upon the mountains, and the waters having swelled those of the Tiber, its banks overflowed on Sunday morning, and laid all the lower parts of this capital under water, from which the inha-

bitants sustained great damage: a great number of cattle, effects, &c. were swept away; and many persons lost their lives by this accident.

*Paris, Feb. 23.* We are assured all differences between the Ottoman Porte and Russia are terminated, and this assertion is confirmed by a letter said to have been written by the Empress of Russia to the Comte de Vergennes, thanking him for his good offices with the Divan in inducing them to consent to what she demanded. The letter which the Emperor has written to him on account of the peace, is not less flattering.

*Hague, Feb. 28.* The States-General have sent a courier to their ministers at Paris, with orders for them not to consent to the giving up of Negapatnam to the English. This will no doubt retard the signing of the preliminaries of peace on the part of their High Mightinesses, but it is to be hoped the Court of Versailles, to whom the interests of this republick are confided, will find means to conciliate matters between the two parties, so that the Dutch ministers may be able to sign the preliminaries, and the great work of a general peace go on uninterruptedly.

There are several competitors for the charge of Ambassador to the Court of London, but it is imagined that if that post should be again offered to Count Welderen, he will not decline it; and indeed there is no one so well qualified to fill it as that nobleman.

Mr. Van Dedem de Palckenham has been formerly appointed Plenipotentiary from this Republick to America, and will set out in a few days for Philadelphia.

*Paris, Feb. 28.* By letters from Bourdeaux we are informed, that on the 10th inst. about Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the powder-mills of St. Medard, situate about nine miles from Bourdeaux blew up, and not the least trace of mill or magazine is left. Of six men who were in the mills only one was found whole, but dead, at a very great distance; of the other five nothing could be perceived but one arm and two legs. Every house in the neighbourhood has been either totally destroyed or considerably damaged, and above 39 persons are supposed to have perished by the explosion.

They write from Alencon, that on Sunday the 9th inst. a thunderbolt fell on the church of the Parish of Landes, four leagues from Verneuil, and three from Montagnas. The church was, at the same instant, filled with thick smoke, and a sulphureous smell. The shock was so great as to throw down all the congregation, whether standing or sitting. The curate, who officiated, saved himself by clinging to the altar. When the smoke was dissipated, it was found nobody had received any material hurt; one man only was found dead, who appeared to have been suffocated

by



by the smoke. The shock was also felt at Alencon on the 8th or 9th, where several claps of thunder were heard.

*Constantinople, Jan. 25.* The differences arisen on account of the Crimea seem to be entirely terminated, and the Porte are taking measures to prevent the arrival of any advices from the Peninsula, which may occasion fresh clamours on the part of the populace.

Defection prevails in many of our Asiatic provinces; and the troubles therein are still increasing.

The plague still continues in this capital, but its effects are not of any great consequence.

The greatest efforts are making here to rebuild the houses destroyed by successive fires. For this purpose an ordinance has been published by his highness, which prescribes to the proprietors the rebuilding of their houses, or the sale of the ground.

*Paris, March 2.* On the 5th of last month the city of Messina, situated on the sea shore, in the vale of Demona, and five villages that surrounded it, were all swallowed up by an earthquake. The citadel, the forts that commanded the sea, the port, the superb edifices and publick monuments have all been overthrown. This earthquake is attributed to a supernatural eruption of Mount *Ætna*.—Some persons pretend this disaster is the consequence of a horrid tempest, which has overturned the order of the elements. The sea rose in the different quarters of the town upwards of four fathom. All the houses built on the port have been swallowed up, others are left on the declivity of the precipice, which the overflowing of the sea has filled up. Upwards of 20,000 victims have perished in the waves, and under the ruins of their houses. The inhabitants of Messina experienced, 65 years ago, an event almost similar to this, but much less destructive.

*Naples, Feb. 11.* On the 5th of this month, at seven o'clock in the morning, a most violent shock of an earthquake was felt at Messina, by which many houses near the hospital were thrown down; and at a quarter after seven at night another shock destroyed the remainder of the houses, and some other edifices of that city.

The master of a ship, who brought this melancholy news, declares, that at day-break he saw nothing of Messina, but only a thick fog, and after that was dispersed he saw half the citadel was sunk, and the whole city destroyed by a gulf of fire, which consumed every thing. One of the King's frigates which lay before the town, thinking to extinguish the fire by discharging some cannon, fired many times upon the place. The master of the ship assures us he did not see any person but a carmelite, who was endeavouring to save himself in a little bark; and the convent of the Capuchins only remained

untouched, on account of its being situated at a distance from the city.

*Utrecht, March 6.* All the seafaring people in the service of the state, whether officers, sailors, or marines, have received orders to repair on board their respective ships by the 6th of this month.

Mr. Fitzherbert has, in the name of the King his master, demanded the colours of the Scotch brigade, which will probably be sent to London, and their place supplied, as was determined, with Dutch colours.

*Copenhagen, Feb. 25.* The King has appointed M. de Walterstorff to be his minister to the United States of North-America: his Excellency will reside at Philadelphia.

*Warsaw, Feb. 18.* The last letters from Constantinople mention, that the late deposed Grand Vizir has been strangled by order of the Grand Signor, and that the Pacha of Bosnia was to undergo the same fate. They are accused of endeavouring to re-ignite the flames of war.

*Hague, March 11.* Our accounts from Naples say, that every thing is in the greatest confusion there. On the 5th of last month, at one o'clock in the afternoon, several repeated shocks of an earthquake were felt in the farther Calabria, in the space of twelve hours. The two following days the shocks were redoubled, and at last a violent oscillation, which shook all Calabria, overturned in that province 320 bourgs and villages, which are entirely destroyed. The towns of Palma and Seminara are no longer in being. The episcopal city of Gerace is overturned. Among other persons of distinction, buried under the ruins, is the Princess of Grimaldi. The town of Scilla is swallowed up. The Prince of Scilla, in endeavouring to save himself in a boat, was drowned. The spot on which the town of Pizzo was situated is now no longer to be found. The archiepiscopal city of Reggio, famous for its riches and commerce, and which stood on the border of the Strait opposite Messina, has almost entirely disappeared. The courier, who brought the melancholy news, passed the river Pietra dry. The few inhabitants who have escaped, are reduced to the most horrible distress.

[These accounts confirm the melancholy effects of the earthquake in Sicily, about the same time, but add, that 30,000 people have been destroyed at Messina. The isles of Lipari also are said no longer to exist.]

*Caserta, Feb. 25.* The court returned to this palace on Wednesday last the 19th instant, and on the same day the infant Don Guiseppe, their Sicilian Majesty's third son (not quite two years old) departed this life.

The mortality in Calabria Ultra and Sicily, from the three violent shocks of an earthquake on the 5th, 7th, and 8th of this month (though very great) is much less than was at first represented. At Scilla, however, no less

less than 2000 people, who, with the Prince of Scilla, were on the shore, having just escaped from their ruined houses, were swept off at once, and drowned by the sudden rise of the sea; but from the fright and confusion this heavy calamity occasioned on the spots where it fell, no distinct accounts have as yet been received; and the persons who have been sent from Naples with such succour as this government thought necessary, have not yet had time to make their reports. The first notice of the misfortune did not reach the capital till the 14th inst. owing to the distance and badness of the roads; and as it must be some days before the succours could reach Calabria, it is greatly to be apprehended that many more lives will be lost from these unfortunate circumstances. It appears from several accounts that the earth opened in many parts; that a mountain has been split in two; and that the course of a great river was stopped for some time.

In the year 1659, and even some years before, the like calamity happened in the very same parts of Calabria, and at Messina.

His Sicilian Majesty has allotted 400,000 ducats for the relief of such of his unhappy subjects as have suffered on this occasion.

Paris, March 3. As a lasting monument of the American war, and the acknowledgement of their independence, which followed it, Dr. Franklin has struck a medal relative to these events, representing Hercules in his cradle, strangling two serpents; a leopard, amazed at his strength, is ready to fall upon him; he is repulsed by

France, who, under the figure of Minerva, turns her shield, on which are three fleurs de lys, towards him. At bottom are the years 1777 and 1781, epochs of the capitulations of the armies of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, represented by the two serpents. On the other side is liberty, emblematically portrayed by a fine woman; and in the exergue, *Libertas Americana*.

Vienna, Feb. 19. An Imperial ordinance is just published, which entirely abolishes the remains of ancient servitude in some parts of Austria.

Hague, March 19. The pre-advice of the Province of Holland, concerning the signature of the preliminaries with Great-Britain, was remitted to our Lords the States-General the 3d of this month, and contains—1st, That we should not make any concession to that power: 2dly, That we should enjoy a free navigation on the footing of the treaty of the armed neutrality: 3dly, That we should insist, in the negotiation, on an indemnification proportionable to the losses we have sustained: and, 4thly, That there should be sent forthwith, on the part of the republic, a minister to London.

Hamburg, Feb. 25. An American ship, Capt. Bensei, of 20 guns and 50 men, is just arrived here in 28 days from Philadelphia, laden with 170 tons of tobacco, rice, &c. for Mess. Paritch and Thompson. The Americans, the Captain says, propose to carry on a large and extensive trade, not only with our city, but with those of the north.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**A**N Old Man's Letter is not sufficiently correct for publication, and we do sincerely request that none of our correspondents would insist on our obliging them at the expence of our readers.

Projector's Sketch of a Magazine on an entire new plan we should be glad to see.

H. L.'s Invocation he might not like himself to see in print. We could wish this correspondent to try his talents at prose, or to be at some more pains in finishing his rhymes, as it is with infinite reluctance we find ourselves so frequently under the necessity of suppressing his favours.

We thank Mr. Crab for his Hints, which appear to be strangely mangled in transcribing. They were not, however, received in time to suit the intention of the writer. His ideas on any other subject will be acceptable, only let us have them in time.

We respect the prejudices of A Lincolnshire Grazer, and have only to remark that a little more taste and liberality would have given him pleasure where he felt pain, as well as saved us from his censure. The performance he alludes to, is, in our opinion, a very masterly vindication of the truths which he thinks it turns into ridicule, otherwise we should not have inserted it.